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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

DECEMBER 1916

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	Stephen Southwold
	May O'Rourke
	Alexander Gray
The Shadow-Line (IV.)	Joseph Conrad
The Plain, Blunt Man (II.)	Filson Young
A Word About Venereal Disease	Civis
Musical Notes	Edwin Evans

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

Woman After the War	W. L. George
The Servant Problem (II.)	Mrs. Churton Braby
Criticism in War	Miles
The Foreign Office Again	Diplomatist
Woman-Power	Major Stuart-Stephens
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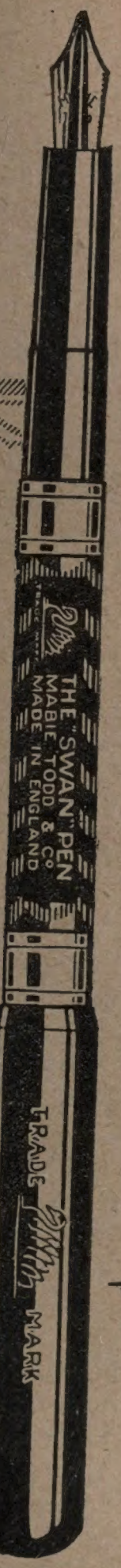
Choice Yuletide Gifts

¶ For a brief spell we may forget the sadness of things this Yuletide in thinking of others, and what can one suggest as more desirable in the way of gifts than some well-chosen trifle in jewellery? There is no more famous house for quality and good taste than the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112 Regent Street, W., and all who cannot visit their attractive showrooms will find their little book of gifts and novelties a useful guide. It contains a large selection of badge jewellery—the most popular kind at the moment. This can be had in the form of a brooch or on the regimental ribbon as a bracelet. The wrist-watch in *moiré* is another very popular and desirable form of gift, and wonderful value is offered in a palladium watch encircled with fine brilliants on a silk wrist-strap at £20. There are delightful little clocks and travelling watches with luminous dials at three and five guineas, and a real gem in black or red lacquer is illustrated. It is an eight-day lever timepiece—a copy

of an antique—and costs £4 10*s*. A novelty hat-pin which will make a special appeal to all women is illustrated here in fine quality diamonds and crystal. It is simple in design and in perfect taste, and there are many examples on view at theGoldsmiths' and Silversmiths' *salons*. A pair of these in mother-of-pearl, with palladium borders and a cabochon sapphire centre, would cost 32*s*. 6*d*. A new fancy in jewellery this season is black onyx, and the miniature pendant illustrated in diamond and black onyx, palladium set, is a very beautiful example of this. The cigarette-box in khaki-bronze finish illustrated is an ideal gift for a soldier. It is lined with cedar, and is ornamented with the regimental badge and ribbon, and can be had from £1 12*s*. 6*d*. A very handsome Parisian bag (illustrated) in black *faille* silk and velvet, with marcasite and jade mounts at five guineas is a desirable gift. Whether one spends a pound or fifty, the best value is always assured at this famous house.



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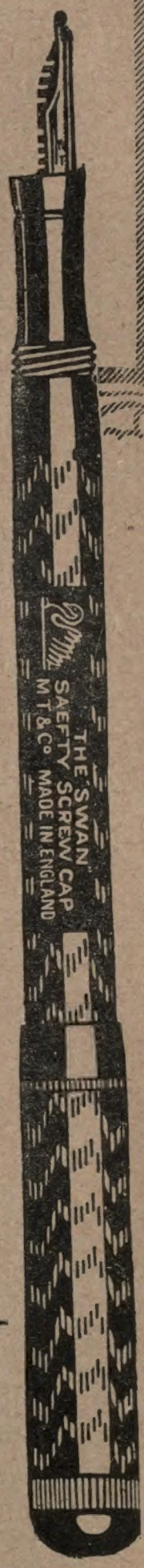

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A Fairyland of Toys

¶ Where there are toys there are joys, and Toyland is the children's fairyland—the entrance to the world of "let's pretend." Toyland at Marshall and Snelgrove's, at Vere Street and Oxford Street, is a delightful land of snow and ice and Christmas-trees lit by a myriad sparkling jets, but a warm and comfortable Snowland, where toys of the best British manufacture are temptingly displayed. Indeed, a visit to this delightful Toyland is a revelation of what Britain can do already in the way of toys. Never have there been more beautiful dolls dressed with better taste than are seen at Marshall and Snelgrove's. There are baby dolls and character dolls of every possible kind. The soft toys are quite unique, and have a quality and finish which stamps them as first-rate. The British bulldog, for instance, is a life-like production. There are white plush pigs and brown velvet monkeys, and monster Teddy bears and elephants; weird black cats with long necks and very green eyes; quaint dogs and birds and realistic donkeys. A number of excellent wooden toys made by the disabled soldiers at the Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops include dolls'-houses, guns, forts, waggons, and Noah's Arks, all admirably fashioned, and the British Army is well represented in the sets of lead and tin soldiers, complete for modern warfare, even to the sandbags. No one should miss a visit to Toyland.

A Soldier's Christmas Gift

¶ All civilians who become soldiers or sailors need a pen, although the "sword is mightier" at the moment, and now that the gift season has arrived the "Swan" fount pens may be regarded as being of exceptional value to our fighting men, and, next to the soothing weed, no more welcome gift can be sent to the trenches. We shall find that much of the history of this great war contained in soldiers' letters and diaries has been recorded through the medium of the "Swan." The Active Service Writing Kit consists of a "Swan" fount pen, safety pattern; a tube of "Swan" ink tablets, one being used to a penful of water and no filler needed; and a "Swan" metal pocket-holder to prevent loss or accidental leakage. The price of this outfit complete is 14*s*., and one of the few helpful things we can give to our soldiers which are not already provided by the Government.

A Welcome Gift

¶ Our men wash whenever they can get a chance. The Englishman and his bath are a tradition the world wide over, and Tommy in the trenches lives up to this tradition to the best of his ability, and to the astonishment and admiration of his Allied friends. Wright's Coal Tar Soap is now known as the soldier's soap; it soothes, protects, and heals. Every Christmas parcel to Tommy should contain at least one tablet.

Christmas Sale of Antiques

¶ Most of us love things with a history, particularly beautiful things, and the Christmas sale of antiques now being held at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's antique gallery in Wigmore Street and Welbeck Street is of exceptional interest. A very fine collection of samplers worked between the years 1650 and 1830, including many fine lace examples, is now offered for sale, and will delight all lovers of old needlework, lace, and embroidery. Needlework pictures and panels are among the many beautiful antiques of particular interest to the connoisseur, and make ideal and most acceptable Christmas gifts. It is difficult to specialise when each antique is of individual interest, but among noteworthy specimens may be mentioned a pair of embroidered shoes of the Queen Anne period; a work-basket said to have been embroidered by Mary Queen of Scots, with folding

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cover; a Stuart bag; a Stuart embroidered book-cover; some exquisite old bead bags, with original mounts and chains; a cushion of old Chinese embroidery, and some delightful fire-screens. There are many very covetable pieces of old furniture which the collector should not miss. Indeed, this Christmas sale of antiques is an exhibition of fine art which everyone should make a point of visiting.

The Season of Gifts and Goodwill

¶ At this season of kindly thought and goodwill let us give ear to all appeals for help. There are many, but they should all be answered before our own pleasure is sought. And this way our pleasure is best assured by feeding the hungry and housing the homeless. Let us remember the homeless people of Poland. Their Christmas will at best be a weary one. Think of these poor refugees driven away from their homes by barbarian Huns, and send something to swell the Great Britain to Poland Fund. It will be gratefully received by the honorary treasurer, Mr. Eveleigh Nash, at 36 King Street, Covent Garden.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

¶ Close on 1,000 war children, most of whose fathers are soldiers and sailors, have been admitted to Dr. Barnardo's Homes since war broke out. Should any of those fathers die at the Front, their children, in all probability, will become permanent residents; but, meanwhile, these little ones, whom patriotism has temporarily orphaned, are being tenderly nursed and cared for. The War Office grant in respect to these soldiers' children is, of course, received, but it is only a few shillings weekly, and not in any sense sufficient to pay for the housing, clothing, food, and training of the children during these times of high prices; and, indeed, no *money* could buy the care needed and given to these children. The War Office cannot *nurse* motherless little ones. Gifts of all kinds, money, clothing, blankets, etc., will be welcomed by the honorary director, Mr. William Baker, M.A., LL.B., at Headquarters, 18 to 26 Stepney Causeway, London, E.

Help to Save the Children

¶ In the fight against one of the worst forms of wrong, militarism, it is right that we should be standing shoulder to shoulder. The Ragged School Union are proud of the part its boys of a decade ago are taking in this great war to end war. But, even while this tremendous campaign is being conducted, we ought not to forget the needs of the boys and girls at home, who, as soon as the cold days are on us, will suffer great hardships unless we maintain to the full all our activities. For the sake of patriotism, as well as love to God, remember our needs just now. Help us especially to save the children in view of the good days coming when peace will be restored.

The Soldiers' Christmas

¶ We have turned down our lights, we have toned down our expenses. We are waiting anxiously, but hopefully, for an issue, and life seems to be a bit suspended. But with all our economies and preoccupations there are some things that we cannot turn down. One of these is our duty to our soldiers, especially now, to help to make their Christmas cheerful. The War Office finds them every essential for war; let us do our bit for their "extras." Readers of the ENGLISH REVIEW have been asked to unite in giving a Y.M.C.A. Hut—just one bright spot of home and rest. Now is the time to give. Donations should be addressed to the Editor, ENGLISH REVIEW, 17 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

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Poland has been cruelly wounded ; but her enemies can never kill her soul ; and to us whose homes have not been violated, or our children dying of want, she calls, though she is far away and speaks only in a sigh. The Russian Government has organised assistance to help the thousands of refugees who have fled from the farms and hamlets of Poland, in order to escape the horrors of German invasion, for Germany, in addition to her many unspeakable crimes, is not only starving the people of that unhappy land, but is actually stealing their food. Despite the efforts of Russia to help these poor beings, who seem to have lost all that they possessed, there is much work for the Great Britain to Poland Fund to do, and the more the fund, which is under

THE RUSSIAN RED CROSS,

can do, by so much more will Russian energy and Russian brains be liberated to prosecute the object of the Allied nations, the crushing of the common foe. Therefore every additional sovereign given to the Fund means the release of another fraction of the mighty pressure exerted on our heroic Ally, and to all who feel compassion for the broken men and women, and starving children—victims of the German war-god—an earnest appeal is made to send what help they can to

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Edited by Austin Harrison

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
DECEMBER, 1916

Renaissance

By Trevor Allen

BRIDE of my passion, mistress of my world,
Goddess of my immortal soul!
While we two love in this inviolate wood
Æons of time are backward hurled,
Ages of artifice for us unroll,
Cythera lives, by young gods understood.

To crown your head
An olden yew-tree canopy is spread.

Its fallen foliage is a nest
For our wild beauty in delirium pressed.

Dense, tangled bracken, pungent with the showers,
Our ritual in secrecy embowers.

A wood of birches, delicate and pale,
Hangs 'twixt the hills and our love's nudity a veil.

Nothing is new. This cool flesh, petal-white,
Rose-touched with vintages of old delight,
Gleams as it gleamed in vales by Eros haunted

These eyes that darkling glow,
The tender glance of Aphrodite know.

These lips, these lips are fragrant with the dew
Of fruits her gardens in a night renew.

This hill, to mortal sight,
Is lone and lovely as that isle enchanted. . . .

The while we love, fierce altars of the west
Send up their flames to kindle all the trees,
And dusk, like incense breathing on the blest,
Drifts to our senses with the twilight's breeze.
See! all the woodland fills
With silent gloom, the valleys overbrim
With darkness, and the hills
Beyond the latticed trees are purple-dim. . . .

We go, we go, by hidden path and lane,
Back through the thousand years, Belovèd, to the train.

To Mélisande*

(Found in a Somme Dug-out)

By Stephen Southwold

The roar of guns that never cease; the planned
And ordered blotting of ten thousand dreams.
The Carnival of Death whose riot gleams
Upon a greater Calvary than spanned
The dead arms of the Christ. I could command
No warm resurgence of old fairy streams
Of visioning, until Thou cam'st. It seems
I had forgotten so much, Mélisande.
Forgotten love and music, and the sweet,
Clear treble of young laughter; all the bright
Allurement of the viol and the bowl;
The breath of summer, and the fragrant, fleet
Incense of flowers. Mélisande, thy soul
Would fire new worlds tho' God should die to-night.

* A picture by Rafaël Kirchner.

At Night

By May O'Rourke

CHILD, that each night I cradle close
And kiss each limb of white and rose,
How will it be when we both pass
To sleep beneath the sodden grass?
Will you not turn with whispered fear
Of certain Horrors lurking near
And seek my arms? and will you miss
The soothing touch, the ready kiss?
... Death knows—not I! ... but this I know:
To-night, the scented waters flow,
The singing kettle hums: and glide
On the small girl-encircling tide,
Toy fowl, gold-beaked, more wonderful
Than aught that swims in pond or pool!
Now, the sweet lisped petitions done,
Sleep comes to this warm-cradled one,
Lapped in white fleeces; spread with silk
Where stitchèd daisies white as milk
Stare with their gold, unblinking eyes.
—All this I know, yet am not wise.
For when the child—and Mother too—
Are dust in dust: and these that knew
Light, and gay hearthsides: fragrance, mirth,
And colour, the unsated Earth
Has sucked away—that endless night,
Whose hand fulfils Love's tender rite?
And who shall fold the daisied sods
Around our hearts?
That night is God's
Who for a secret, sweet desire
(All Mothers know!) doth disattire
From trivial rags of Life, the soul,
And lays beneath the gentle knoll
The emptied flesh—
Death knows—and I—
God's nursery is where dead men lie!

Odi Profanum Vulgus

By Alexander Gray

I DO not like the broad highway
That leads from smoky town to town,
Where dust obscures the hawthorn spray,
And motors hurry up and down.
This woodland path is rough, you say?
See, the year's first anemone!

I have no love for Regent Street,
Where garish crowds pass to and fro;
More grateful to my wandering feet
Is many a court in old Soho.
Fragrant, you say? Well, what of that?
Look at that bright Italian brat!

I never read those works by A——
Which now I see in every hand.
My reason? Well, it's hard to say;
Some things are more than I can stand.
These tattered leaves are stale and slow?
Poor hearts, they broke so long ago!

I do not care for books which tell
Of lives that never went astray.
Rather I think of those who fell,
And stumbled often by the way,
Men who aspired and yet sank low.—
Earth's failures? Well, does God think so?

The Shadow-Line (iv)

By Joseph Conrad

Part II.

With her anchor at the bow and clothed in canvas to her very trucks, my command seemed to stand as motionless as a model ship set on the smoothness of shadowy marble. It was impossible to distinguish land from water in the enigmatical tranquillity of the immense forces of the world. A sudden impatience possessed me.

"Won't she answer the helm at all?" I said irritably to the man whose strong brown hands grasping the spokes of the wheel stood out strongly lighted on the darkness; like a symbol of mankind's claim to the direction of its own fate.

He answered me.

"Yes, Sir. She's going off slowly."

"Let her head come south."

"Aye, aye, Sir."

I paced the poop. There was not a sound but that of my footsteps, till the man spoke again.

"She is at south now, Sir."

I felt a slight tightness of the chest before I gave out the first course of my first command to the silent night, heavy with dew and sparkling with stars. There was a finality in the act committing me to the endless vigilance of my lonely task.

"Steady her head at that," I said at last. "The course is south."

"South, Sir," echoed the man.

I sent below the second mate and his watch and remained in charge, walking the deck through the chill heavy hours that precede the dawn.

Slight puffs came and went, and whenever they were strong enough to wake up the black water the murmur

alongside seemed to run through my very heart in a delicate crescendo of delight and die away swiftly. I was bitterly tired. The very stars seemed weary of waiting for daybreak. It came at last with a mother-of-pearl effect at the zenith, such as I had never seen before in the tropics, unglowing, almost grey, with a strange reminder of high latitudes.

The voice of the look-out man hailed from forward:

"Land on the port bow, Sir."

"All right."

Leaning on the rail I never even raised my eyes. The motion of the ship was imperceptible. Presently Ransome brought me the cup of morning coffee. After I had drunk it I looked ahead and in the still streak of very bright pale orange light I saw the land profiled flatly as if cut out of black paper and seeming to float on the water as light as cork. But the glare of the rising sun turned it into dark vapour, a doubtful, elusive shadow trembling in the hot glare.

The watch began to wash the decks. I went below and stopped at Mr. Burns' door (he could not bear to have it shut), but hesitated to speak to him till he moved his eyes. I gave him the news.

"Sighted Cape Liant at daylight."

He moved his lips then, but I heard no sound till I put my ear down, and caught the peevish comment: "This is crawling. . . . No luck."

"Better luck than standing still, anyhow," I pointed out resignedly, and left him to whatever thoughts or fancies haunted his awful immobility.

Later that morning, when relieved by my second officer, I threw myself on my couch and for some three hours or so I really found oblivion. It was so perfect that on waking up I wondered where I was. Then came the immense relief of the thought: on board my ship! At sea! At sea!

Through the port-holes I beheld an unruffled, sun-smitten horizon. The horizon of a windless day. But its spaciousness alone was enough to give me a sense of a fortunate escape, a momentary exultation of freedom.

I stepped out into the saloon with my heart lighter than it had been for days. Ransome was at the side-

board preparing to lay the table for the first sea dinner of the passage. He turned his head, and something in his eyes checked my modest elation.

Instinctively I asked: "What is it now?" not expecting in the least the answer I got. It was given with that sort of contained serenity which was characteristic of the man.

"I am afraid we haven't left all sickness behind us, Sir."

"We haven't! What's the matter?"

He told me then that two of our men had been taken bad with fever in the night. One of them was burning and the other was shivering, but he thought that it was pretty much the same thing. I thought so too. I felt shocked by the news. "One burning, the other shivering, you say? No. We haven't left the sickness behind. Do they look very ill?"

"Ill enough, Sir." Ransome's eyes gazed steadily into mine. We exchanged smiles. Ransome's a little wistful, as usual, mine no doubt grim enough, to correspond with my secret exasperation.

I asked:

"Was there any wind at all this morning?"

"Can hardly say that, Sir. We've moved all the time though. The land ahead seems a little nearer."

That was it. A little nearer. Whereas if we had only a little more wind, only a very little more, we might, we should, have been abreast of Liant by this time and increasing our distance from that contaminated shore. And it was not only the distance. It seemed to me that a stronger breeze would have blown away the contamination which clung to the ship. It obviously did cling to the ship. Two men. One burning, one shivering. I felt a distinct reluctance to go and look at them. What was the good? Poison is poison. Tropical fever is tropical fever. But that it should have stretched its claw after us over the sea seemed to me an extraordinary and unfair licence. I could hardly believe that it could be anything worse than the last desperate pluck of the evil from which we were escaping into the clean breath of the sea. If only that breath had been a little stronger. However, there was the quinine against the fever. I went into the spare cabin where the medicine

chest was kept to prepare two doses. I opened it full of faith as a man opens a miraculous shrine. The upper part was inhabited by a collection of bottles, all square-shouldered and as like each other as peas. Under that orderly array there were two drawers, stuffed as full of things as one could imagine—paper packages, bandages, cardboard boxes officially labelled. The lower of the two, in one of its compartments, contained our provision of quinine.

There were five bottles, all round and all of a size. One was about a third full. The other four remained still wrapped up in paper and sealed. But I did not expect to see an envelope lying on top of them. A square envelope, belonging, in fact, to the ship's stationery.

It lay so that I could see it was not closed down, and on picking it up and turning it over I perceived that it was addressed to myself. It contained a half-sheet of notepaper, which I unfolded with a queer sense of dealing with the uncanny, but without any excitement as people meet and do extraordinary things in a dream.

"My dear Captain," it began, but I ran to the signature. The writer was the doctor. The date was that of the day on which, returning from my visit to Mr. Burns in the hospital, I had found the excellent doctor waiting for me in the cabin; and when he told me that he had been putting in time inspecting the medicine-chest for me. How bizarre! While expecting me to come in at any moment he had been amusing himself by writing me a letter, and then as I came in had hastened to stuff it into the medicine-chest drawer. A rather incredible proceeding. I turned to the text in wonder.

In a large, hurried, but legible hand the good, sympathetic man for some reason, either of kindness or more likely impelled by the irresistible desire to express his opinion, with which he didn't want to damp my hopes before, was warning me not to put my trust in the beneficial effects of a change from land to sea. "I didn't want to add to your other worries by discouraging your hopes," he wrote. "I am afraid that, medically speaking, the end of your troubles is not yet." In short, he expected me to have to fight a probable return of tropical illness. Fortunately I had a good provision of quinine. I should

put my trust in that, and administer it steadily, when the ship's health would certainly improve.

I crumpled up the letter and rammed it into my pocket. Ransome took two big doses to the men forward. As to myself, I did not go on deck as yet. I went instead to the door of Mr. Burns' room, and gave him that news too.

It was impossible to say the effect it had on him. At first I thought that he was speechless. His head lay sunk in the pillow. He moved his lips enough, however, to assure me that he was getting much stronger; a statement incredible on the face of it.

That afternoon I took my watch as a matter of course. A great over-heated stillness enveloped the ship and seemed to hold her motionless in the glare. Faint, hot puffs eddied nervelessly from her sails. And yet she moved. She must have. For, as the sun was setting, we had drawn abreast of Cape Liant and dropped it behind us: an ominous retreating shadow in the last gleams of twilight.

In the evening, under the crude lamplight, Mr. Burns seemed to have come more to the surface of his bedding. It was as if a depressing hand had been lifted off him. He answered my few words by a comparatively long, connected speech. He asserted himself strongly. If he escaped being smothered by this stagnant heat, he said, he felt that in a very few days he would be able to come up on deck and help me.

While he was speaking I was afraid that this effort of energy would leave him lifeless. But I cannot deny that there was something comforting in his willingness. I made a suitable reply, but pointed out to him that the only thing that could really help us was wind—a fair wind.

He rolled his head impatiently on the pillow. And it was not comforting in the least to hear him begin to mutter crazily about the late captain, that old man buried in latitude 8° 20′, right in our way—ambushed at the entrance of the Gulf.

"Are you still thinking of your late Captain, Mr. Burns?" I said. "I believe the dead have no animosity against the living."

"You don't know that one," he breathed out feebly.

"No. I didn't know him, and he didn't know me.

And so he can't have any grievance against me, anyway."

"Yes. But there's all the rest of us on board," he insisted.

I felt the inexplicable strength of common sense insidiously menaced by this gruesome, by this insane delusion. And I said:

"You mustn't talk so much. You will tire yourself."

"And there is the ship herself," he persisted in a whisper.

"Now, not a word more," I said, stepping in and laying my hand on his cool forehead. It proved to me that this atrocious absurdity was rooted in the man himself and not in the disease, which, apparently, had emptied him of every power, mental and physical, except that one fixed idea.

I avoided giving Mr. Burns any opening for conversation for the next few days. I merely gave him a hasty, cheery word when passing his door. I believe that if he had had the strength he would have called out after me more than once. But he hadn't the strength. Ransome, however, observed to me one afternoon that the mate "seemed to be picking up wonderfully."

"Did he talk any nonsense to you of late?" I asked casually.

"No, Sir." Ransome was startled by the direct question; but, after a pause, he added equably: "He told me this morning, Sir, that he was sorry he had to bury our late Captain right in the ship's way, as one may say, out of the Gulf."

"Isn't this nonsense enough for you?" I asked, looking confidently at the intelligent, quiet face on which the secret uneasiness in man's breast had thrown a transparent veil of care.

Ransome didn't know. He had not given a thought to the matter. And with a faint smile he flitted away from me on his never-ending duties, with his usual guarded activity.

Two more days passed. We had advanced a little way—a very little way—into the larger space of the Gulf of Siam. Seizing eagerly upon the elation of the first command thrown into my lap, as it were, by the agency of Captain Giles, I had yet an uneasy feeling that such luck as this has got perhaps to be paid for in some way. I had

held, professionally, a review of my chances. I was competent enough for that. At least, I thought so. I had a general sense of my preparedness which only a man living a life he loves can know. That feeling seemed to me the most natural thing in the world. As natural as breathing. I imagined I could not have lived without it.

I don't know what I expected. Perhaps nothing else but that special intensity of existence which is the quintessence of youthful aspirations. Whatever I expected I did not expect to be beset by hurricanes. I knew better than that. In the Gulf of Siam there are no hurricanes. But neither did I expect to find myself bound hand and foot to that hopeless extent which was disclosed to me as the days went on.

Not that the evil held us always motionless. Mysterious currents drifted us here and there, with a stealthy power disclosed only by the changing vistas of the islands fringing the east shore of the Gulf. And there were winds too, fitful and deceitful. They raised hopes only to dash them into the bitterest disappointment, promises of advance ending in lost ground, expiring in sighs, dying into dumb stillness in which the currents had it all their own way—their own inimical way.

The Island of Koh-ring, a great, black, unheaved ridge amongst a lot of tiny islets, lying upon the glassy water like a triton amongst minnows, seemed to be the centre of the fatal circle. It seemed impossible to get away from it. Day after day it remained in sight. More than once, in a favourable breeze, I would take its bearings by the last glow of twilight, thinking that it was for the last time. Vain hope. A night of fitful airs would undo the gains of temporary favour, and the rising sun would throw out the black relief of Koh-ring, looking more barren, inhospitable and grim than ever.

"It's like being bewitched, upon my word," I said once to Mr. Burns, from my usual position in the doorway.

He was sitting up in his bed-place. He was progressing towards the world of living men; if he could hardly have been said to have rejoined it as yet. He nodded to me his frail and bony head in a sort of wisely mysterious assent.

"Oh, yes, I know what you mean," I said. "But you

cannot expect me to believe that a dead man has a power to put out of joint the meteorology of this part of the world. Though indeed it seems to have gone wrong altogether. The land and sea breezes have got broken up into small pieces. We cannot depend upon them for five minutes altogether."

"It won't be very long now before I can come up on deck," muttered Mr. Burns, "and then we shall see."

Whether he meant this for a promise to grapple with supernatural evil I couldn't tell. At any rate, it wasn't the kind of assistance I needed. On the other hand, I had been living on deck practically night and day so as to take advantage of every chance to get my ship a little more to the southward. The mate, I could see, was extremely weak yet, and not quite rid of his delusion, which to me appeared but a symptom of his disease. At all events, the hopefulness of an invalid was not to be discouraged. I said—

"You will be most welcome there, I am sure, Mr. Burns. If you go on improving at this rate you'll be presently one of the healthiest men in the ship."

This pleased him, but his extreme emaciation converted his pleased smile into a ghastly exhibition of long teeth under the red moustache.

"Aren't the fellows improving, Sir?" he asked soberly, with an extremely sensible expression of anxiety on his face.

I answered him only with a vague gesture and went away from the door. The fact was that disease played with us capriciously very much as the winds did. It would go from one man to another with a lighter or heavier touch, which always left its mark behind, staggering some, knocking others over for a time, leaving this one, returning to another, so that all of them had now an invalidish aspect and a hunted, apprehensive look in their eyes; while Ransome and I, the only two completely untouched, went amongst them assiduously distributing quinine. It was a double fight. The adverse weather held us in front and the disease pressed on our rear. I must say that the men were very good. In the constant toil of trimming the yards they moved willingly. But all spring was out of them and as I looked at them from the poop I could not

keep from my mind the dreadful impression that they were moving in poisoned air.

Down below, in his cabin, Mr. Burns had advanced so far as not only to be able to sit up, but even to draw up his legs. Clasping them with bony arms, like an animated skeleton, he emitted deep, impatient sighs.

"The great thing to do, Sir," he would tell me on every occasion, when I gave him the chance, "the great thing is to get the ship past 8° 20′ of latitude. Once she's past that we're all right."

At first I used only to smile at him, though, God knows, I had not much heart left for smiles. But at last I lost my patience.

"Oh, yes. The latitude 8° 20′. That's where you buried your late Captain, isn't it?" Then with severity: "Don't you think, Mr. Burns, it's about time you dropped all that nonsense?"

He rolled at me his deep-sunken eyes in a glance of invincible obstinacy. But for the rest, he only muttered, just loud enough for me to hear, something about "Not surprised . . . find . . . play us some beastly trick yet . . . ."

Such passages as this were not exactly wholesome for my resolution. The stress of adversity was beginning to tell on me. At the same time I felt a contempt for that obscure weakness of my soul. I said to myself disdainfully that it would take much more than that to affect in the smallest degree my fortitude.

I didn't know then how soon and from what unexpected direction it would be attacked.

It was the very next day. The sun had risen clear of the southern shoulder of Koh-ring, which still hung, like an evil attendant, on our port quarter. It was intensely hateful to my sight. During the night we had been heading all round the compass, trimming the yards again and again, to what I fear must have been for the most part imaginary puffs of air. Then just about sunrise we got for an hour an inexplicable, steady breeze, right in our teeth. There was no explanation for it; no sense in it. It fitted neither with the season of the year nor with the secular experience of seamen enshrined in books, nor with the aspect of the sky. Only some purposeful malevolence could explain it.

It sent us travelling at a great pace away from our proper course; and if we had been out on pleasure sailing bent it would have been a delightful breeze, with the awakened sparkle of the sea, with the sense of motion and a feeling of unwonted freshness. Then all at once, as if disdaining to carry farther the sorry jest, it dropped and died out completely in less than five minutes. The ship's head swung where it listed; the stilled sea took on the polish of a steel plate in the calm.

I went below, not because I meant to take some rest, but simply because I couldn't bear to look at it just then. The indefatigable Ransome was busy in the saloon. It had become a regular practice with him to give me an informal health report in the morning. He turned away from the sideboard with his usual pleasant, quiet gaze. No shadow rested on his intelligent forehead.

"There is a good many of them middling bad this morning, Sir," he said in a calm tone.

"What? All knocked out?"

"Only two actually in their bunks, Sir."

"It's the last night that has done for them. We have had to pull and haul all the blessed time."

"I heard, Sir. I had a mind to come out and help only, you know. . . ."

"Certainly not. You mustn't. . . . The fellows lie at night about the decks, too. It isn't good for them."

Ransome assented. But men couldn't be looked after like children. Moreover, one could hardly blame them for trying for such coolness and such air as there was to be found on deck. He himself, of course, knew better.

He was, indeed, a reasonable man. Yet it would have been hard to say that the others were not. The last few days had been for us like the ordeal of the fiery furnace. One really couldn't quarrel with their common, imprudent humanity making the best of the moments of relief, when the darkness brought in the illusion of coolness and the starlight twinkled through the heavy, dew-laden air. Moreover, most of them were so weakened that hardly anything could be done without everybody that could totter mustering on the braces. No, it was no use remonstrating with them. But I fully believed that quinine was of very great use indeed.

I believed in it. I pinned my faith to it. It would save the men, the ship, break the spell by its medicinal virtue, make time of no account, the weather but a passing worry and, like a magic powder working against mysterious malefices, secure the first passage of my first command against the evil powers of calms and pestilence. I looked upon it as more precious than gold, and unlike gold, of which there ever hardly seems to be enough anywhere, the ship had a sufficient store of it. I went in to get it with the purpose of weighing out doses. I stretched my hand with the feeling of a man reaching for absolute security, took up a fresh bottle and unrolled the wrapper, noticing casually as I did so that the ends, both top and bottom, were unsealed. . . .

But why record all the swift steps of the appalling discovery. You have guessed the truth already. There was the wrapper, the bottle, and the white powder inside, some sort of powder! But it wasn't quinine. One look at it was quite enough. I remember that even at the very moment of picking up the bottle, before I even dealt with the wrapper, the weight of the object I had in my hand gave me an instant of premonition. Quinine is as light as feathers; and my nerve must have been exasperated into an extraordinary sensibility. I let the bottle drop out of my fingers and smash itself on the floor. The stuff, whatever it was, felt gritty under the sole of my shoe. I snatched up the next bottle and then the next. The weight alone told the tale. One after another they fell, breaking at my feet, not because I threw them down in my dismay, but, indeed, as if this disclosure were too much for my strength.

It is a fact that the very greatness of a mental shock helps one to bear up against it, by producing a sort of temporary insensibility. I came out of the state-room feeling as if something had fallen on my head. From the other side of the saloon, across the table, Ransome, with a duster in his hand, stared open-mouthed. I don't think that I looked wild. It is quite possible that I looked in a hurry, because I was instinctively rushing up on deck. An example this of training become instinct. The difficulties, the dangers, the problems of the sea, are to be met on deck.

To this fact, as it were of nature, I responded instinc-

tively; which may be taken for a proof that for a moment I must have been robbed of my reason.

I was certainly off my balance, a prey to impulse, for at the bottom of the stairs I turned and flung myself at the doorway of Mr. Burns' cabin. The wildness of his aspect checked my mental disorder. He was sitting up in his bunk, his body looking immensely long, his head drooping a little sideways, with affected complacency. He flourished, in his trembling hand, on the end of a forearm no thicker than a stout walking-stick, a very shining pair of scissors which he tried before my very eyes to jab at his throat.

I was to a certain extent horrified; but it was rather a secondary sort of effect, not really strong enough to make me exclaim in some such manner as: "Stop!" . . . "Heavens!" . . . "What are you doing?"

In reality he was simply overtaxing his returning strength in an attempt to clip off the thick growth of his red beard. A large towel was spread over his lap, and a shower of stiff hairs, like bits of copper wire, was descending on it at every snip of the scissors.

He turned to me his face grotesque, beyond the fantasies of mad dreams, one side all bushy, as if with a swollen flame, the other denuded and sunken, with the untouched long moustache on that side asserting itself menacingly. And while he sat thunderstruck, with the gaping scissors on his fingers, I told him of my discovery, in six words, without comment.

(To be continued.)

The Plain Blunt Man (ii)

By Filson Young

The whole of the average Englishman's education—that is to say, what he is taught as to the nature of his environment on this planet—is founded upon a myth. On emerging from the cradle he is told that his surroundings are part of a thing called the earth, which was invented and created (presumably for his own amusement) by a being called God; that it took a week to accomplish this feat; that light was created on the first day; the firmament on the second; the dry land and sea on the third; the sun, moon, and stars on the fourth; the fowls and fishes on the fifth; and beasts and men on the sixth; and that on the seventh, wearied by so much accomplishment, God took a rest and made of that day a Sabbath sacred to repose for evermore. Observe that the average child is never taught the true significance of this story—that it is a noble poem or interpretation of primitive things, conceived in the childhood of the human mind and worthy to stand at the head of beautiful fairy tales. He is told nothing of that; he is merely told it as a relation of facts, which account for his presence here to-day in the sunshine and on the solid earth. He is further taught that this all-powerful Being, very early in the history of things, grew tired of his world and drowned it all in a flood, saving only a drunken patriarch called Noah, his family, and a zoological collection. After swallowing these staggering facts the childish intellect is led, somewhat sketchily, through the mazes of God's dealings with his world as reconstructed after the great wash-out. He is taught that the only part of the world that God apparently took any interest in was a small spot in the Middle East; that he called certain wandering tribes his chosen people, alternately coaxed and bullied the lascivious and insanitary patriarchs who led them, and backed them, not always successfully, in their

encounters with other tribes and nations not favoured by him, but possibly of a much more attractive and advanced civilisation. Further pursuing the history of things, the child is taught that the world apparently got so entirely out of God's control, or that he got it into such a tangle, that drastic measures were again necessary; and that the only thing for it was for God to send his own son—another god—to take the form of a man and, as a scapegoat for all human sins, to be persecuted and murdered by mankind. That this saved the world for ever and ever, once and for all; that no further disaster could happen to mankind, and that a heaven of perfect and ineffable bliss was made possible for all generations of man. The God of Jesus is presented to the child as being the same person as the God of Abraham; and no explanation is offered of the fact that he himself is greatly changed from the jealous, angry, impulsive, and thoroughly unpleasant being of the Old Testament, delighting in the smell of roasting bullocks, and the bleeding entrails of slaughtered animals, with the fat of rams as a particular tit-bit. He has now become mild, forgiving, understanding, and gentle; and if the child thought at all, which he is not taught or encouraged to do, it might occur to him that the world and the people in it are, in essentials, comparatively little changed; but that it is God himself that has been reformed, and has become a tolerable, reasonable, and even wise and charitable being.

You may say that the foundation of English education is not laid on the Bible. Intellectually, it is not, nor is the teaching which the average Protestant child receives from it an essentially religious teaching. It is used to teach him neither sound history nor real religion, but a kind of superstitious medley of the two: too sacred to be intellectually scrutinised, too historically interesting to be treated merely as a magic religious charm. In a word, at the very threshold of his life the average English child has a handful of dust thrown into his eyes. His sense of the nature of things is confounded. He is taught what is contrary to every sense of his awakening intellect, and at the same time given to understand that he must not inquire too closely into it; it is disrespectful; no good will come of it. He must swallow his bolus and digest it if he can;

if not, he must bring it up and cast it forth from him, often amid a prolonged, wholly unnecessary and (it may be) permanently damaging nausea and convulsion of the soul; and that at a time when all his intellectual foundations are being fixed; when the ship of his soul is being swung for the adjustment of the compasses which are to be its guide through life.

Religion in England being a department of the Civil Service this strange aspect and treatment of it is discernible in all the institutions with which those who should receive the best mental training available come in contact. Some spirit of a true religion many children do receive from their parents and in their homes; many don't; it is a matter of luck. But outside their homes they encounter everywhere the form of it, and only here and there the spirit. "Scripture" is a subject taught in some weird way in all English schools; religion in its true intellectual and spiritual aspects is either not taught at all, or is treated as a kind of extra, like carpentry or music. Any real intellectual curiosity about it is generally discouraged and suppressed. The most formative years of an English public school boy's life are spent under the guidance of masters whose qualifications for teaching rest on two things —on athletic prowess and the power of passing examinations. Teaching as a science or an art they are not required to have studied; and the whole system and curriculum of the education they administer is founded on the mediæval and monastic conception of learning—one of the finest conceptions possible in relation to the world for which it was designed; possibly one of the poorest considered in its relation to what the world has since become.

It is admitted that the public school does not aim at developing individual capacity; it aims at producing an average, and those who most represent the average get the greatest benefit from it. One result of this is that, as the average youth is not interested in the science of the intellect, or at all curious about that separation, analysis and arrangement of things which I have called criticism, this method of treating life and education is ignored. What is ignored in an English public school is generally also despised. Eccentricity is the one sin—not punished or persecuted, but (a much more destructive method) mildly

and smilingly looked down upon. The average boy in England leaves school with the following equipment: a very fine and sound sense of honour and conduct towards his fellow-men, ability to get on with them, be on easy terms with them, avoid unpleasantness with them; a conviction that to excel in games and sport is the chief end of man; and (by far the best of it) a pride in himself, a sense of what he owes to himself and to his traditions, a conviction that he must not fall short of his own standards or be unworthy of the traditions he follows. As for education, his mind has been ploughed and furrowed so that if he wishes it will fruitfully receive whatever education he proposes to give himself in the future—that being the only education that really enriches any man. For there is only one thing that can be taught: by wise teachers, by love, by example, by privation, by sorrow, by life, we can be taught to learn. Beyond that, although everything may be learned, hardly anything can be taught.

Behold, now, the average Englishman about to go out a step further into the world, for the first time with a considerable measure of freedom. A small but influential number of average Englishmen go to Oxford or Cambridge; and this number is surely fortunate. We hear a great deal in these days about the antiquated system of the universities, of "mediæval foundations, rotten with age, doting in the ivy of their swamps." But surely these mediæval institutions provide the very best atmosphere we have in which to pass that interval between the period when we are taught to learn, and that in which we have to begin to learn for ourselves. They provide on pleasant terms for the association of raw young men with one another, and with men who are ripened, it may be by learning, by habit, by tradition—or even by port; but ripened somehow, by something. Here learning for its own sake, where it is not compulsory, is shown to be attractive; and more important still than learning, life and the beauty of life—its physical beauty, its moral and æsthetic beauty, the beauty of ideas, the beauty of men's thoughts are also discovered. It is a Pisgah view of the rolling and illimitable worlds of human thought, that open champagne, stretching as to infinity, into which a man may toss himself

like a ball into a large country. Precious indeed to England are those watch-towers that keep their guard over the past and the future. The pity is that they are available to so few, for it is part of their essential quality that they should represent a privilege, that they should be available to the few and not to the many.

Our Englishman leaves Oxford or Cambridge, then, with a considerable addition to his public school equipment. He has learned something of material life as it is represented by the tradespeople of a university town, and the meaning of the word credit. He has also learned the elements of intellectual freedom; he has been, at any rate if not actually drinking at the fountain, in the neighbourhood of wisdom and in company with the thoughts of opulent minds dead or alive. He has made some study of friendship, and he has been made a member of a club or society that is so like a world in miniature that he has possibly mistaken it for the world. And he has studied the politics of his own country and of Europe, not with regard to the bearing upon the actualities of the day, but in their relation to the politics of the past. It is more than likely that such ideals as he forms—remember, I speak of the average —are based on something historical, something in the past; he would still rather be like someone else than like himself; he will model himself on some great original, rather than allow himself to be moulded by the forces of the present and the future.

And when, from this close corporate life and membership of a society consisting of people like himself and in equal circumstances, he comes forth into the world, he at first experiences a sense of loneliness, of isolation from the world about him, which not improbably drives him to continue in company with his late associates, and to be drawn to institutions and ways of life frequented by them; to keep to the familiar rather than adventure into the strange. Some men succeed in travelling through life surrounded by a kind of bodyguard thus furnished from the corporate life of adolescence; such men never come truly in contact with life and never grow up; they are dangerous in the public offices to which they tend to gravitate. Those who emerge at once into the world find it friendly enough on all sides but the intellectual; there a kind of shyness

supervenes; there is no one to speak their language; thus the intellectual and critical point of view becomes shadowed and obscured by the practical or trivial in daily life. Serious conversation, as it is called, is no longer a habit in English society; it is bad form in a mixed company to speak on any one subject more than a sentence or two; to attempt anything in the nature of exposition or analysis, anything that can be called "holding forth," is bad form. The English are often supposed to be a gloomy race; but in what is called good society you never hear anything but laughter; any conversation which does not produce laughter is dull; and the only exception to the rule, which forbids anything in the nature of a monologue, is in favour of the buffoon or clown who can keep you laughing continuously.

I have spoken of the handful of dust which is thrown into the eyes of the average English child, which sometimes can only be washed away with many tears. But even when it is washed from his eyes the dust cloud hovers, ever present, settling on the bright surface of thought and everywhere dulling the intellectual process. The religious compromise, as one may call it—a hovering and muddling between a purely intellectual and purely spiritual conception of religion—comes into everything; is found everywhere standing between the average Englishman and the common sense of life. It is mixed up with the law in the strangest way, so that the judge is found punishing a man, now for some action which is clearly against the convenience of the community, now for something which is supposed to be an offence against the God who closes the book of Malachi with a threat and the book of Revelations with a promise. Even the judge, when he punishes, is not always clear whether he is acting as an instrument of divine vengeance, administering a curative dose to the patient, or making a public example which shall act as a deterrent to others. So, also, when our average Englishman comes to be married, he finds himself the centre of a barbarous ceremonial in which, after the most brutally practical reasons for the contract have been stated, the blessing of God is invoked upon it as a spiritual mystery, incantations are pronounced by a priest, oaths taken and administered, and the whole rounded off with festivities

which echo the shrill cries of savage tribes. In every act connected with property the deity in some form or other has to be invoked and a fee paid for the invocation; and so it goes on, religion everywhere connected with the decencies and respectabilities of life as a matter of necessity; with its realities and spiritualities simply as a matter of individual choice. The Church of England, that branch of the Civil Service which administers the department of religion, continues to muddle along without any clear intellectual envisaging of its functions and mission—very clear, indeed, as to the temporal interpretations and privileges of its charter, not at all clear as to its spiritual privileges. There is no intellectual standard, no intellectual common ground; with the result that the average intellect of the clergy as a class falls lower and lower. If, instead of a religious and emotional revival, an intellectual revival were attempted, it might be of the greatest use to England; if, instead of Repenting and Hoping, the Church would merely make up its mind to open its eyes and cultivate the garden of the mind that lies to its hand, then, indeed, it might have a chance to resume its ancient place and take the lead in a highly necessary reform of our national life.

So long as we continue to mistrust and despise intellect, clear thought, clear discernment of facts, clear classification of things by their proper names, so long shall we continue to make cardinal mistakes in the most important affairs. So long as education, both public and private, is conducted on the present lines, so long will that contempt for intellect and criticism continue. If people will not be honest and natural with their children, but act and pose before them, the childish mind must inevitably have sown in it those tares of confusion which will struggle with obscure, and interfere with the growth of clear thought. One can multiply examples to an almost infinite extent; but I will give just one to show how handicapped is the plain blunt man, who rather prides himself on bluntness of intellect, when he goes into conflict with those who have kept that, as well as their other weapons, sharp.

We have now been twenty-eight months at war. With machines, money, blood, and valour we have fought well and been on the whole victorious; with ideas and weapons of the intellect we have fought badly and have, so far,

been beaten. Our use—and this is the example—of propaganda, of the quiet influencing of the minds of Allies and neutrals has been childishly inadequate, and in the first stages of the war was utterly neglected. The result is that after twenty-eight months in which England has taken practically single-handed the burden of guarding the sea-roads of the world; in which she has produced an army of four million instead of the hundred-and-fifty thousand which she promised; policed the Mediterranean; sent expeditions over half the world, captured the German colonies, found arms, clothing, coal and supplies as required by the different Allies, and financed the whole war; yet opinion about her and dissatisfaction with her contribution is what we know it to be (for example) in Russia and America. The plain blunt man did all these things, did most of them astonishingly well; but owing to his bluntness and failure to exert an intellectual influence upon the minds of others, and to oppose the influence which Germany, from the first, set working over those minds, he has failed to get credit for his performance. And in that failure and in the possible seeds of disagreement arising from it might lie the greatest danger to the very cause for which he is so valorously and so bluntly striving.

"Brains," said Meredith, "will beat grim death if only we have enough of them." Brute force without their directing power is of little avail; and having perfected and possibly reached the limit of our expenditure of material force, it is surely time that we paid a little more attention to the perfecting and co-ordination of the brains behind it, and so double or quadruple its efficiency.

A Word about Venereal Disease

By Civis

A couple of years before the war The English Review published an article on venereal disease, which at the time was treated as another example of the "depravity" of that adult publication—adult, in contradistinction to the Peter Pan standard of life, being the designation deliberately chosen when the Review set out on the mission of breaking down the barriers of cant and priggishness which so stultified the artistic expression of the country and had so materially contributed to the false values which some of us are beginning now to realise were the cause of the self-deception, self-complacency, and dangerous illusion into which we had fallen when war "took us unawares."

The article, though described as "shocking" by the sort of old-fashioned, antimacassar folk who take in the *Spectator*, achieved a notable success. It gave, for the first time, we believe, in Britain, a popular *exposé* of the modern scientific attitude towards syphilis: which word we also were the *first to use in print*, thereby breaking down the puerile convention which forbade the Press to speak of the disease, with the result that the *Times* not long afterwards likewise took heart to name the malady, other newspapers following suit. We exposed the unscientific and specifically English view about syphilis; namely, that it was "incurable," and we showed that syphilis was a disease which, promptly and adequately treated, was entirely curable, and that a man who had had tertiary symptoms could be cured and produce healthy children; in a word, we brought before the notice of the public the splendid genius of Sir Jonathan Hutchinson, whose judgments respecting the treatment and prognosis of syphilis the enlightened medical world, however much they dissented in the past, now know to be right.

Our object in publishing the article at the time was

both educational and social. It was (we thought) essential to smash down the ludicrous attitude of shame which shrouded the very name of the disease, to teach men and women that only by bravely facing the truth could society hope for any improvement in the mitigation and eradication of the evil, and consequently that the first essential step was to recognise syphilis just as men recognise scarlet fever or typhus or pyorrhœa. This pioneer work THE ENGLISH REVIEW can legitimately claim as one of its social services.

The chief difficulty so far in combating the disease has been the shame attaching to the patient, which condition naturally led to secrecy and concealment on the part of the sufferer and to its inevitable corollary, the secret dissemination of the malady. We were afraid to talk of it. Patients were often afraid to consult even their doctors, the consequence being the enormous growth of quack healers, performing their work largely by correspondence without having ever seen the patient. The social consequences of this childish condition—childish because unscientific—have resulted in the general spreading of venereal disease and, what is of far greater social significance, the increase in the number of half-cured or improperly treated syphilis cases leading to that terrible tabetic form of the malady known as parasyphilis, with its devastating effects in the home and the not inconsiderable rise in the incidence of insanity.

Contrary to the view generally held by the public, we explained that syphilis was not necessarily a "terrible" disease, *properly treated*, as modern science knows now how to treat it, and that if only the public could be got to understand that syphilis could be cured as surely as whooping-cough or measles, and that the infected man who failed to have himself cured was committing a social crime infinitely worse than those of 70 per cent. of the unfortunates punished for this or that felony in our Police Courts every year, then syphilis would shortly become a comparatively rare disease capable of being stamped out of a civilised country as surely as small-pox has been stamped out.

Of that there can be no doubt. The discovery of the *Spirochaeta pallida*, the discovery of Salvarsan, the great strides recently made in the scientific knowledge of the

disease—these things make it certain that syphilis can, and ought to be stamped out of our civilised life, and unquestionably will be when the State recognises its responsibility as the parent of the community and legislation enforces the way.

For that is the point. So long as secrecy obtains no whole work is possible. So long as the individual has the power to hide his affliction and disseminate it, unwittingly, no doubt, yet none the less effectively, precisely so long will the malady thrive in our midst, for counsels of perfection will not avail in a matter which touches this frail humanity of ours and springs from the vitality of sex.

At the present time there is a Committee sitting on the subject, and now that war has forced us to face certain facts which otherwise we would have avoided the consideration of, there is at last a chance of something being done. To this Committee we would address these words.

First of all, it is necessary to place syphilis on the plane of other diseases; that is to say, it is indispensable to proceed educationally. This is all the more possible to-day owing to the women's movement which has freed the sex from the trammels hitherto besetting feminine interference in "male" affairs, and as nothing can be done *without the enlightened co-operation of women*, the first thing is to free our attitude towards venereal disease from the unscientific false modesty which is one of the direct causes of its propagation.

Absolutely plain speech is necessary. And here it behoves women to remember that men alone will do nothing and can do nothing. A doctor can cure, he has no power to prevent. No doubt much can be done by educational methods, by classes of instruction in all towns; but here little good will accrue unless we begin by freeing ourselves from Puritanical tendencies to regard sex as sin and—leave the bishops out of it.

The only way is the scientific way—to treat the matter scientifically; that is, without moralising, without seeking to reform everybody all at once. To face the truth of youth, to determine that the object of the community in this case is not primarily to prevent sin, but to *prevent the propagation of a disease which scientifically is a scandal*

to civilisation: a scandal because it is preventable and eradicable.

Once we arrive at that attitude, we can start scientifically. All doctors, of course, know this. But what with busybodies who lecture on cardinal sin, and well-meaning ladies who hardly know what syphilis is, and Puritanical brigades, and politicians who are thinking only of their seats, and a church which has lost all touch with the realities and exigencies of modern life and possesses no authority at all, it is just this attitude which baulks progress and must frustrate all attempts not scientific in their application, and all other good intentions.

If we are to do any real good, then, we must (1) regard the syphilitic patient like any other patient: which condition would automatically break up the wide secret practice of quacks; (2) eliminate the moral side of the question for the physical benefits to be derived from the social side; (3) proceed with educational enlightenment, such as has been adopted in the Navy with conspicuous success; (4) face the question of prostitution—the registering and control of prostitution; (5) determine on legislation.

Prostitution is, of course, the seat of the evil; nor until men and women bring themselves to reason *scientifically* about the oldest profession in the world is there any chance of stamping out syphilis. On the Continent * control has not proved very satisfactory, chiefly because the control is largely *superficial*. And even where the control is real there is always the unprofessional prostitution to deal with, which in towns like Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Petrograd are prolific sources of infection. That is why the matter is so greatly a woman's problem. Men are easier to control than women so far as diagnosis is concerned, just as the malady is more malignant in the male than in the female sex. The question of prostitution is no easy problem. It can only be placed upon a scientific basis by recognising it as a social evil, and when I say recognising, I do not mean *approving*, but admitting the almost inevitability of its existence in our present state of civilisation.

* I refer to peace conditions here. In war control is really enforced with excellent results; all infected women are removed to "colonies," where they are kept till pronounced cured, and licensed "Houses" are most rigorously inspected.

For we must remember that just as some men are natural rakes, so some women are born prostitutes. To many, many girls in the economic conditions of modern life, with its lures and temptations, its rush and love of luxury, money, and the material things of this world, prostitution, overt and covert, offers the means of obtaining expeditiously and conveniently the pleasant gawds of life; it is a career, an escape from the drudgery of the poor woman's lot, and to many it is an adventure—a sex hunt with man. Economic reasons doubtless account for a large portion of prostitutes, but modern conditions all make for the rapid life, with its finery and ostentation, nor must we forget that venereal infection largely comes from unrecognised prostitution, by no means mainly from the "redskins of the pavement."

Attempts, therefore, to alter human nature will fail, as will all unscientific measures directed not so much against the prevention of the disease as the prevention of sexual intercourse. The thing to look at is not the sex act, but the social evil of a disease which in ten years, by proper legislative measures, could practically be stamped out of the country.

State notification of venereal disease on the part of both sexes should be the first thing to aim at, under Boards of Control in different parts of the country, whose business it should be to see not only that cures are effected, but that all patients be educated to regard themselves as social impurities until they are given a clean bill of health. And what we have to bear in mind is that whereas one man may infect some half-dozen women, one infected prostitute may easily infect dozens and dozens of men without herself being aware of the fact that she is contaminated. That is one of the difficulties. And it is on questions such as these that prostitution as a problem must be considered.

Were controlled—properly controlled—prostitution made legal, as on the Continent, and all uncontrolled prostitution made a penal offence, without doubt a great step forward would have been taken towards the suppression of venereal disease. But the control would have to be real, and the punishment of clandestine prostitution equally real. On the Continent the control is not real, and uncontrolled prostitution abounds. Obviously the one

is worthless without the other. But given safe prostitution and unsafe freedom, both men and women would hesitate before they ran the risk of disease and imprisonment; and if all quack healers were suppressed by law, sooner or later the infected would have to find their way to the licensed medical man, whose business it would then be to notify them.

If these measures appear too drastic, then enlightenment would seem the only way—and it may be that it is the only way in a country where its legislators are dependent on popularity. That is finally for the country to decide. The politicians will funk touching the subject, we may be sure. Only pressure moves them. And venereal disease is not likely to appeal to the general public as much of an electioneering cry after the "Fat loaf," "Chinese labour," "Higher wages, retrenchment and reform," and all the other platform mendacities cooked up quinquennially to fool the people.

On the other hand, there is a great danger of what we love to style a crusade, which can do no good unless it starts on scientific ground. One of the paradoxes of prostitution is not the greatness of infection, but the comparative smallness of infection; added to which there is the unchallenged fact that syphilis is a much less virulent poison than it used to be. Gonorrhœa in some ways, particularly when neglected, is just as great an evil, and unquestionably its effects on the offspring can be disastrous.

So that the Committee have no light task before them. Their real friend, if they knew it, is the Press. Let them but appeal to the Press and the needful atmosphere can be created; then, and then only, can they proceed to business. Here women can help enormously. They are the chief sufferers—in the home and the family. They alone can teach and compel men to stamp out the evil. Only when women join hands with men to combat social evils can success result.

The immediate problem is serious, because it is a military matter, due solely to our systemless methods and reluctance to face facts. Every man knows that war breaks down the ordinary rules of conduct, and that to let loose vast bodies of soldiers on the community is to court disaster. It was so with drink. At first England was full of drunk-

ards, then the women took to drink, and so shameful was the spectacle of these drunken women all over the big cities that we had to legislate. Now it is venereal disease.

In France and Germany these matters are scientifically attended to; but here, of course, we did nothing until the authorities discovered the high percentage of cases and the unpleasant truth that never has there been so widespread a syphilitic taint in London as at the present hour. All this ought not to have been, and would not have been had we faced the fact that such a state of things was inevitable unless strict measures were taken to meet the situation. Now in London there is no control of prostitutes. They "do" the music-halls—we all know that for years the lounges of certain theatres are notorious for their facilities in this respect; then there are the streets, the "bars," etc., and there is this, that war has broken down the conventional sex barriers, so that men accost women openly and meet with an easy response; in fact, the whole face of London has changed in this connection, and now every girl "has her soldier," and many of them several soldiers.

Then there is the "flapper" phenomenon, so that it is not surprising that the flapper "on the streets" has ended in the "flapper syphilitic," who goes about infecting the soldiers by the dozen. Now it is no use declaiming against immorality. War is the greatest of all immoralities and leads always to sexual licence. The question is how to remedy an evil which, if it be not checked, will have serious military consequences, the ultimate social effects of which will be disastrous.

In war there is only one way, and that is State control, to localise the evil, coupled with the immediate clearing-up of all young girls from off the streets. It we cannot bring ourselves to see the need of so drastic a remedy we cannot hope for much improvement, for the streets are very dark nowadays and the number of women who "take on" soldiers is enormous; nor must we forget that a great part of these women are not professional prostitutes; but war is the time of hero-worship, and women follow the uniform as men follow the drum.

The proper step—proper because scientific, from which standpoint alone the subject is discussed here—is to give the military the power to organise and control prostitution,

as they do in France and Germany, and make all street prostitution a penal offence for the duration of the war. If this were done, and all theatres and halls were notified that their licences would be withdrawn unless vagrant prostitution ceased, and military police *razzias* were made on suspect places, an immediate improvement would take place. But half-measures may prove worse than useless. No good can be expected from driving the evil underground, for the important thing is to get hold of all the infected women who might, when cured, be placed on munitions work, and to instruct the soldiers how to avoid infection, which latter precaution should be part of the regulation drill. Much can be effected by proper instruction. At the present rate of syphilisation in the town centres their ranks are being far more than decimated.

And let us remember that we deserve what we get. The French Army is not being syphilitised, why should ours be? That is the only true way to look at the question. The answer is: Because we have no control, no system, no State right of intervention.

If we think it more moral or dignified to allow "flappers" to infest the streets and infect the soldiers rather than introduce the system which all Europe knows to be the only preventive method, then we must not complain if here again "Wait and see" proves a bad policy, and later on we find thousands of our soldiers with tertiary symptoms, and later on still the disease is carried into thousands of homes, poisoning the race and its offspring. This should be the business of the Minister of War. He stopped the drink scandal. He can, if he chooses, stop the venereal scandal.

I suggest therefore to the Committee this one point as the basis of all reform. Full and scientific recognition of prostitution as a State condition and so as a State problem, with the view to prevent what is preventable rather than to attempt to suppress what so far the world has found to be unsuppressible—the weakness or, as doctors would call it, the hunger of the flesh.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

THE Carnegie scheme for assisting approved British composers to get their works published has been hailed with more delight than criticism. Naturally, one does not like to look a gift-horse in the mouth, but past experience of munificence in the cause of music, and what it has accomplished, suggests at least reasonable caution. Some well-informed enthusiasts have compared the plan to that of the late M. Belaïeff, who accomplished so much for Russian music when it was in difficulties similar to ours, but there is no comparison possible. M. Belaïeff, with whom I had an interesting correspondence for several years before his death, founded a publishing house, fully staffed and equipped, to launch his music in all directions. Performance and publication were for him interlocking devices. The Carnegie scheme, if I read it accurately, proposes to subsidise publication with the existing houses. This happens to be a matter to which I have had occasion to give close attention. I even addressed a letter to Mr. Carnegie himself on the subject some years ago. The crux of it is that no equitable plan can be discovered that will make it worth a publisher's while to push goods on commission in competition with his own. Human nature being what it is, he will always sell goods on which he reaps the entire profit in preference to those on which he draws a percentage, however liberal. Music on which there is no royalty to pay will be sold in preference to that on which the composer draws a royalty, and if the latter actually retain the copyright, as is proposed under the Carnegie scheme, the publisher's interest almost vanishes. The only way in which the scheme could be made to yield adequate results, whether in propaganda or in profit, is the creation of a business house with no conflicting interests.

I pass over the description of the classes of works that

may be sent in, for there are obvious omissions, which have been pointed out elsewhere. It would have been much simpler to speak, without further specification, of music the prospects of which are not immediately commercial. Presumably, the promoters were afraid that, if they included piano pieces, they would be inundated with rubbish. That they will have to face anyhow, and they might as well have faced it *en bloc*. It is less easy to deal with the competitive aspect of the scheme. Composers of standing do not readily enter into public competition, and there are enough manuscripts of proved worth now lying idle to keep the Committee busy for many a long year without going into the highways and byways for more. It is not so much a question of discovering new talent as of rendering accessible the talent we know of. Many works of sterling merit have had a successful performance, only to be locked up in somebody's desk for months at a time awaiting another. Meanwhile they are as inaccessible as if they only existed in the composer's brain. Let the Committee examine the records of the more important orchestral and chamber concerts for the last ten years, making a note of such works as appear *primâ facie* worthy of publication. Let them also communicate individually with the young composers whose work is attracting attention, and ask them how much of it is in manuscript. They will find quite enough material to occupy them without subjecting any of them to the indignity, real or fancied, of submitting in open competition works which have already justified themselves. A broad-minded Committee would soon have a strikingly valuable catalogue. But there's the rub. Who are to be the Committee?

Every musical country has its little coterie of official musicians who stand in the way of progress. My French friends call them *vieux bonzes*. Some of us refer to them as the mandarin class of musicians. They represent everywhere the rut of music, but in this country there is the additional drawback that it is exclusively the German rut. Some have their "spiritual home" in this or that German musical centre that is living on its past glories. Some are acute Wagnerites, others admit no god but Brahms. They would vehemently deny that they see music from a German angle, but speak to them of a composer who aims at independence and they betray themselves at

once. A clever student with a quartet reeking of Brahms would find immediate favour. The English equivalent of a Debussy or a Stravinsky might save himself the trouble of submitting his work for publication. Does anybody seriously believe that "Prometheus" or "Le Sacré du Printemps" would commend itself to them, or even that "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" would have been accepted in the period to which it belongs? Never by a committee of mandarins!

The trouble is to find an alternative. There are in England people of broad-minded musical intelligence who could be trusted with the difficult task of founding an edition of representative British music, but, alas! they have no official standing, nor do they sprinkle the alphabet after their names, and the English attitude towards music is so timorous that it accepts nothing without a diploma. For my part, I have far more faith in the really cultured amateur who has a genuine love of music, and especially a curiosity in regard to it, which the professional often lacks. I mean the type of amateur who discovers interesting new works for himself long before a public performance establishes them, but, of course, not the one who looks for them only in German catalogues. That kind of music-lover often has *le flair*. A mandarin never has.

These are the difficulties that lie in the path of the Carnegie project. There is no hint so far of the means by which its promoters hope to overcome them, and those who, like myself, have watched one scheme after another remain barren of results, must be pardoned their scepticism. The "Palmer Fund" is an instance. It has been helpful in a few individual cases, but what it has accomplished bears no relation either to the hopes it inspired or to the money expended. These difficulties are not insuperable. True, committees, like individuals, tend to become reactionary with age. Even the present Belaïeff Committee has fallen to the rear, and would certainly reject a Moussorgsky redivivus if he presented himself. But it started well, and the Carnegie scheme may be equally fortunate. As for the publishing problem, there is no solution that does not involve a working organisation, but I know of one that reduces this need to a minimum.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

Woman after the War

By W. L. George

"When we've wound up the watch on the Rhine
Everything will be Potsdam fine." . . .

I WONDER! If so, it will be the first time that a war has not left the vanquished humiliated and rancorous, the victors bellicose and arrogant. At any rate, it is hard to believe that those effects will be permanent, especially in Britain, an island inhabited by a most frivolous people. Things will be neither Potsdam fine nor Potsdam rotten; it seems foolish to assume that an accident so trifling in the march of eternal time can have any effect upon the human animal, which varies as slowly as the madrepore builds a coral reef, yet there has been more nonsense talked about the effects of the war than even about the tango. One might think that the world had never seen a war before, that Tamerlane, Napoleon, and Bismarck were mere properties in the romantic drama; the people engaged in the Thirty Years' War, let alone in that of one hundred years, were doubtless as lacking in perspective. The reply is obvious: "We have never had a war like this before, never such a big one, striking its roots so deep into every home; never before have we asked Britons to fight for love instead of for pay and adventure, except against each other." That is true—but other nations have been less fortunate: France, Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain, Bulgaria—indeed, all the European nations—have fought each other by calling up *en masse* their male population. And what happened? Did the Bulgar of 1913 wake up a blackguard or an archangel after the Treaty of Bucharest? He woke up a mere Bulgar, very like the

Bulgar of 1912. The truth is that war modifies man but little; it causes confusion, readjustments; some rise, some fall; often those who fall contrive to rise again: *plus cela change, plus c'est la même chose.*

As to women, there is one view which deserves to be added to the casualty list; it is this: "Nobody will get married. There will not be enough men to go round." Well, there never were enough men to go round: according to the last census of England and Wales, there were only 17,445,608 males against 18,624,884 females. An insoluble problem in a non-Moslem land! But, in spite of these figures, I assert that the problem did not lie there. Observing that any man, however old, however repulsive, will easily find a mate, if only because he holds the purse, while many unattractive women can never marry at all, there are quite enough men to go round. The census bears this out, for it reveals 3,471,672 unmarried men over nineteen. Many of these married after the census was taken, but that does not affect the calculation, because others sprang up to fill in England and Wales the ranks of misogyny. *There were close on three and a half millions eligible but unmarried men;* there were nearly three for every superfluous woman!

The reason for this is that women marry when they can and men when they must. There are good reasons for this, and one of them is that women have been taught to cherish their virtue, while men seldom grow old enough to blush for theirs. Chastity is not for a bachelor. Also, marriage is expensive, complicated, the enemy of freedom, and many men hold that woman is the one "who halves our joys and doubles our expenses."

The war will not improve this state of things; it will make it worse, but not very much worse. An estimate of casualties is impossible at present, because the casualties are so published as to make calculations very difficult. But, taking the figures up to the end of 1915 and adding such information as has come to hand; adding also a fair average on the basis of peace at the end of 1917 and of an army of five millions, the British dead and permanently incapacitated should amount to between 800,000 and 1,200,000. A number of these are married, but must come in all the same, because widows have seldom been discouraged by past

experience, and in this particular case very few will be over forty. Still, taking the figures at the worst, at 1,200,000, making a total deficit of male population of about 2,400,000, we still have that permanent residuum of 3,471,672 men who do not, cannot, or will not, marry, a class which can absorb all the superfluous women, wipe out all the casualties, and still have a million in hand with which to stifle the bitter cry of British maidenhood. Besides, in thirty years or so the men who have lost limbs and the women who have lost hope will be dead. We shall forget them before that, as the men lost their prestige and the women lose their looks. It is a passing effect; little by little those who are left stranded by the tide of war will become as the seaweed that dries in the sun and life will regain its course. This is brutal, but it is true.

It is suggested that the women who cannot turn to men will turn to work. I think they will, partly because the pensions paid to widows and mothers will probably be small and make it necessary for them to earn something, but very much more because the tendency to work is a growing one in modern women. The wage-earning woman came in in the 'forties with the factory system, and every year she has increased in numbers; during the war her ranks have known an enormous influx; but the educated girl who in the 'eighties and 'nineties wanted to be a nurse, a secretary, a school-teacher has long been mobbing the employment bureaux. That will go on, and the war has nothing whatever to do with it; woman works because she must live and because men are not willing to keep her; she also has to work because she is tired of being kept, and is glad to exchange the slavery of the home for the slavery of employment. It is a good, brave tendency and the war will strengthen it; this will be one of the war's few valuable legacies.

Whether this will improve the general conditions of woman's labour seems doubtful. It is all very well for Mr. H. G. Wells to prophesy the clear-eyed mate with the weather-beaten features, or if it is not weather-beaten it is something equally hygienic and undesirable, but the clearest eyes in the world do not always give their possessor a clear head.

I do not suppose female unions will arise, as beyond

the cotton workers' unions in Lancashire there are few female unions. Women dislike trade unions. Servants and shop girls think them unladylike, while the robust charwoman or cleaner looks upon them as an agitator's device intended to get money out of the poor, so that the agitators may "dine in the West End with painted hussies and drink champagne wine."

As for the great mass of girl labour, it is too flighty, too disinclined to look upon work as anything but the prelude to marriage to bother about raising the conditions of a trade which it intends to abandon. As for the sweated, the box-makers to whom the Wages Board allots $2\frac{3}{4}$d. an hour, they have time to think only of finding enough to eat.

It is not that women are incapable of sticking together; in occasional sharp strikes (which are pitiful because so ragged, so unorganised) they show a splendid capacity for this. But in the end they do not stand together as well as men, and one reason, I expect, is their individualistic training, the ancient tradition that each woman's job is to catch a man. Work is just a painful necessity which enables them to live or to buy fripperies; it is not a career. With men, it is always more or less a career, and so men have had to organise the trades or professions so important in their lives. They have had to sacrifice some of their individuality, while women remain anarchists; women are still more capable of self-sacrifice than of co-operation. Men being infinitely more law-abiding are infinitely more effective in conflict; to force they oppose force, while women oppose spasm. Even during the war this has been marked: I do not know of a single case where female munition workers have formed a union; at any rate, there have been no organised strikes. A union which never runs a strike is a sword of lead.

It follows that at the end of the war a mob of female labour will seek employment at any price, undercutting itself and undercutting men; the home habit will have been broken and the determination to earn wages will eventually tend to lower wages. There will be alleviations, such as the posts left open by the dead; there will be the gaps caused by male emigration; there is also the fact that many women have been handling good

wages: unable to continue doing so, many will become prostitutes. But all this in figures such as those with which we deal does not amount to anything; we still have to count with a great mass of incoherent, greedy labour.

I do not think any clear aims can be drawn from women by war, for sane thinking is not brought about by fighting, and still less will it be brought out by reading about fighting. Broadly, men may emerge from this war rough as football players and women as hysterical as the people who look on at the match. This does not mean that women workers will not have learnt self-reliance: certainly every well-paid woman worker tends to become the "clear-eyed, weather-beaten, etc.," but that is not an effect of war. I agree that the female omnibus conductor has more opportunity than a shorthand-writer of becoming weather-beaten and possibly clear-eyed. Only, that is an effect of work, not an effect of war; work is work, and I know from personal experience that there is nothing warlike in a shell factory. Shells at rest are neither more nor less murderous in suggestion than sardine tins. The woman who before the war earned her living grew self-reliant enough. She was merely a little more sweated than she has recently been. It will be suggested that the greater number of self-reliant women is bound to affect modern conditions, but the fact remains that before the war there were already millions of self-reliant women, and yet, with all their advertised qualities, they seemed to do very little but undercut each other and meekly tolerate the reduction of piece-rates. The self-reliance of women contains little fellowship, it is only reliance on self. If, therefore, the quality of self-reliance indeed becomes more prominent among women, it is likely to prove their undoing; it will produce millions of additional egotists, millions of women with a strongly developed sense of their individual worth, their individual desires; they will compete and struggle with each other and with men like crabs in a bucket, doing each other much harm.

All this will come into view when the soldiers return to work. A great many employers were carried away by good-will when promising to reinstate into their billets the men who joined the Army, but few bargained for a long war during which they would develop a new kind of trade and

form links with new employees. Some, no doubt, expected that most of their men would be killed, which would have settled the problem very nicely; others, of the baser kind, made these promises as an advertisement and did not intend to keep them. Indeed, the temptation will be very great. In some trades women are being paid men's wages, but the odd trades have not followed this excellent rule. I know of at least one big draper who used to pay his male lift-conductors 23*s.* a week; he is now paying his women 18*s.*, which 18*s.* at war prices is worth really about 12*s.* It will be very surprising if after the war every lift girl, efficient and amiable, is turned out to make room for a returning soldier. In all these odd trades, such as waiting, door-keeping, munition making, where there is no union or only a weak one, this state of things must come about.

Where the gravity of the problem appears is in a future situation, which has not, I think, so far been discussed in print:—

An employer has a clerk called Jones—a good clerk whom he has employed for some years. Jones enlists and the employer quite honestly intends to take him back when he returns from the war. Meanwhile, the employer has to carry on his business and takes into his employ Miss Brown; she is rather raw, but, as she is conscientious and intelligent, by the time peace day arrives Miss Brown is a good clerk. Meanwhile, Jones is killed; his friend Smith, who served in the same battalion, comes to the employer and explains that he wants Jones's post. The employer says: "I have no post for you." Smith points to Miss Brown and says: "Well, you've got a lady here; it seems to me that I've fought for my country and I ought to have a job." "What!" cries the employer. "Miss Brown came to me in a very trying time; she was rather raw, but she was keen and she is now a very good clerk. Of course, if Jones had come back . . . but he is dead, poor fellow; I don't know you, Mr. Smith; I don't know you at all; it is rather steep to ask me to dismiss Miss Brown, who, after all, has served me very well. It is not her fault that Jones was killed."

You see the situation. Nobody can blame the employer; he has not broken his word, and, in fact, he would be acting rather shabbily to Miss Brown if he dis-

missed her on so vague a principle. Only the result of the affair is that one avenue of male employment has been closed for ever, for Miss Brown is not only efficient, she is probably cheap.

This will not happen in all trades; even though the female omnibus conductor be clean, pleasant, efficient, everything that the sulky, groggy omnibus conductor of the past (who never said anything civil and never made a joke) was not, she will have to go. The Transport Workers' Union will have the women off every tramway, omnibus, and railway.

Likewise, I do not think the banks will retain their female clerks: at least, they may retain a few of them, but they will not engage any more. There are many reasons. The women customers do not like women bank clerks, and the male customers are never quite sure they can add up. Also, one can tell the men they must all wear black coats, but Coutts itself cannot cope with the variety of its employees' blouses. It is all very upsetting, and the banks are like the British Constitution, they hate being upset. In the unorganised trades, however, such as lift-working, door-keeping, waiting, van-driving, cinema, shop, and theatre attending, I think a very large number of women will stay. Indeed, they may set a new fashion. In the beginning they will be wanted, because of our million casualties; the woman worker will then give rise to a double problem:—

(*a*) The women who stay;
(*b*) The women who are dismissed.

The women who stay in the trades will almost immediately create a difficulty in the labour market, because they will be taking the work that men, who are now boys of fourteen, will then be wanting. The women who are expelled from the trades and want to continue to earn wages will need re-employment. So we arrive at the unpleasant conclusion that it matters very little whether the new women workers stay in their trades or not: a woman who has learnt to work has captured a man's job. The problem would not be so serious if only there were not so many of these women. But on the roughest calculations, which I establish on Parliamentary statements, Board of

Trade and Chamber of Commerce reports, the new women workers of Great Britain are distributed as follows :—

Munitions	420,000
Naval and military workers (including camp servants) ...	210,000
Clerks	120,000
Transport (railways, omnibuses, tramways, including cleaners)	40,000
Shops (salesmen, vans, lifts, doors)	140,000
Restaurants and hotels (men mostly foreign)	30,000
Metalwork, apart from munitions	58,000
Nurses, schoolmistresses, canteen attendants, paid voluntary workers, paid political agitators, and journalists ...	75,000
Clothing trades, textile workers, fur trade	111,000
Food trades	82,000
Printing, bookbinding	10,000
Typewriting, Civil Service, institutions	59,000
Agriculture, gardening	84,000
Druggists, oil, colour and dye trade, domestics, motor-drivers, agents	45,000

This produces a total of, say, 1,500,000.

This is an enormous figure; it seems absurd until we remember that between the ages of eighteen and forty only we have in these islands nine million women. A great many younger and older women have been enlisted, so that obviously the reserve of labour is very large. I am anxious to check the figure and would suggest the following empiric method :—

About four and a half million men have joined the Army and Navy; if we allow 20 per cent. longer hours worked by those who have stayed behind—a very fair allowance—we come down to about three and a half millions. If, again, we allow for the spread of boy labour, for the return to work of retired men, if we take into account the reduction of private expenditure and allow for all this the greatly exaggerated figure of 40 per cent., we come down to a bare residuum of two million posts which had to be filled and were filled only by women. My estimate, therefore, comes out as moderate, and it may be that we have brought two million new women into the labour market.

At once the problem arises : What will the men do? It is all very well to say : What will the women do with themselves? but, given a returning male population which has lived hard and died hard, the male principle must for a time be predominant. Of one thing I am sure, the men will not say "The women were splendid." They are

not likely to think that women did more than their "bit"; they will think that "to keep the home fires burning" was a lesser job than keeping the German off. As suggested before, in organised trades the women will be expelled; in the unorganised trades women will stay. Meanwhile, the expelled women, who are not going to be disposed of by being married off, even if the State adopt the reiterated suggestion that it should open an official matrimonial agency, will remain celibate. There will be enough men; there are always enough men, only there are not enough marrying men; men will remain celibate because life will be hard and marriage difficult. Therefore, women will need to make a living and will return to the labour market, ready and compelled to undercut the men. Now, women have always been ready to undercut men: it was the only way in which they could secure employment; in the past they went down all the same, because as a rule they were unskilled and ill-educated. That is no longer the case. The new women workers will have served an apprenticeship of anything up to three years: already many of them are as skilful as men, quite as strong when assisted by labour-saving machinery; many of them have discovered that manometers, galvanometers, punches, dies, rolling mills, combination tools are not at all complicated when you know them. Women will stay in the skilled trades. One good reason is that they are there, and in England when a thing gets somewhere it stays there. Such immobility is the secret of England's greatness.

The net result of women's presence will be a general decrease in wages, while prices will not at once be brought down by competition; also, owing to the shortage of capital, profits will have to be high. Low wages and high prices, is that not the definition of national misery?

All might be well if men were not vastly more rebellious than they were fifty years ago. In those days the proletariat was used to suffering and would not have cried out against the dictum of Bishop Berkeley: "What have people to do with the laws except to obey them?" Times have changed, and man has bred a pride that nothing will satisfy save humbling other prides into the dust. Nobody except a professional optimist or a war expert can expect the industrial strife to be anything but violent. Men have been

trained to kill. They have been shown that against the intolerable there is only one weapon, and that is force. There will be strikes when they demand the expulsion of the women and employers try to retain their good, cheap labour. Many women will be beaten, some will be outraged and perhaps killed. Nor will the state of things be improved by the great difficulty in adjusting employment to the demand for commodities. True wealth—namely, railways, land, brains, etc.—will not have been destroyed, but the habit of economy will not at once break down; we shall not buy readily. Demand being weak, employment will be bad, and, for a little while at least, we may see the terrible spectacle that Sir F. E. Smith described: "the British workman diving for crusts in the gutter." In those days the wounded will have the better part. As for the men who want the full life—meat, beer, and a shilling to put on a horse—they will be beaten by women who can live on bread and butter and a novelette.

Whether the men will develop genius—that is to say, at once admit the women into their unions, leave them in the posts which they occupy, striking not against them but against their wages, trusting that very soon they will beat them in the industrial field as they have done before—I do not know. It is the only way. So long as by opposing women men maintain a blackleg class in their midst, so long will they be undercut; but if they recognise that there is no sex discrimination in labour they will make loyal allies. If they war against the women, the women will beat them by their ability to suffer; if they unite with the women they will appear as liberators: who would desert the one who comes offering more pay? I can see no other solution, and I fear it will not be adopted. Labour must suffer much more before it acquires wisdom.

It may be suggested that if man take up an attitude of *non possumus* and the battle of the sexes is indeed joined, the suffragists, feminists, intellectuals in general will be there to point the way, or, at any rate, will marshal the industrial battalions. It would, indeed, appear natural to find these people in the van, for many of them have displayed in the conduct of their societies a notable faculty of organisation and a new capacity to pull together. The Women's Social and Political Union and the National

Union of Women's Suffrage Societies have been most remarkable in this respect. The trouble so far has been that women joined only in an effort to break down autocracy and not in an effort to pool their constructive powers. I do not think the feminist movement is incapable of organising for constructive ends, or I would not be in it, but I realise that so far women have combined to smash and not to build. It is true that to build a sanctuary you must first of all destroy a sanctuary; it is also true that the origin of the militant suffrage movement was the wooden stupidity and the timid vacillation of man; it is true that the suffragists have been exasperated by evasion, illogical answers, music-halls, comic papers, and especially the autocrat of the Tooting semi-detached villa. Everything was done to enrage the suffragists, and, being much more human than the world thinks, they naturally resolved to show that they also could do some enraging. But having made all these allowances, the fact which bears upon this discussion stands up stark: women have done nothing to organise themselves for the industrial battle; they have worked almost exclusively as political combatants, and in the last ten years many have been persecuted into irrational rage. Very few have a sufficient taste for economics to organise the women workers into unions: if they had *they would have done it already; they would be doing it now.* During the war no new women's unions have been created, the old unions have gained very few members, even though the new workers could well afford to pay the weekly levies. The old suspicion against unions still stands among women, and the feminist leaders have done little to dispel it, because they are not interested. They have been so ill-treated that a great many have lost the sense of realities; some of them have even abandoned the pursuit of the vote. The demand for the vote will revive on peace day and dwarf all other demands, for the suffragists have abandoned everything for political ends, and a few are so bitter that they prefer a starving voter to a self-supporting woman worker. They are right in this, for women will never conquer their share of the world if they are put off with instalments and gifts. Only, in the present case, they are likely to defeat their own ends when on peace day they appear before the world with a demand that will be painfully

1914. They will have the habit of violence and they will welcome the violence of industry, because it will respond to an acquired characteristic of their own. They will use the unrest as a basis for their demands instead of organising it for its own salvation; they will set up as scarecrows not only the injustices done to women, but the acts of justice done to men. They will play a valuable political part, but from the industrial point of view it remains to be seen whether working women pursue the only course that has ever served a people striving towards an end: whether they produce their own leaders.

It will be necessary, for I do not believe that women will long remain in a state of sentimental adoration before the returning heroes. In the beginning nothing will be too good for the men; hailed as saviours they will be given the palm-leaf; the crown of thorns will come later. It will be man's fault, for he will return, whether victor or vanquished, as one who did things while, nominally, the women did nothing. To-day we say "The women *are* splendid"; to-morrow we shall say "The women *were* splendid," which is not quite the same thing when it comes to give and take, for when you *are* splendid you have power; when you *were* splendid you have only rights. In his arrogance as the creature from which he modelled God man will be conscious of little besides his desire. This is one of the things war does not alter.

In that stormy time woman will live, a time more inclined to strike her to the ground than to raise her to heaven; or if indeed there are no storms, it must leave her where she was, a little poorer because she is more numerous; a little weaker because she is poorer; a little more hopeless because she is weaker; a little more worthless because she is more hopeless. And yet, out of all this, of all this uncertainty and pain, woman will emerge with mankind, because she is mankind, because she can bear all things and therefore can dare all things; she may be crushed and ill-used, but this will not hurt her, for it will make her self-conscious and sex-conscious, perhaps put in her way the only thing worthy of her generation: the discovery of the future.

The Servant Problem—II

Service

By Maud Churton Braby

Once upon a time to talk about servants was to argue oneself intellectually beyond the pale. Socially, it was the Mark of the Beast, to be indulged in only in moments of supreme despair, with relatives—preferably married sisters—or friends intimate enough to bear the occasional revelation of one's naked soul.

Before men, especially, the topic might never be mentioned. No husband could stand it, no lover could be thus risked. All writers on love and marriage were agreed on this, and many a little homily has been written for woman, pointing out the danger of giving way to this vice.

There were, of course, times when, under provocation, a whole concourse of women would suddenly break loose and indulge in an orgy of "She-said-to-me-and-I-told-her," etc., run amok, so to speak, and let themselves go defiantly, conscious that others shared their degradation.

Many changes have come into our lives since those peaceful days when we didn't know how well off we were; and amongst the many strangely-bought freedoms of the war is the complete removal of this conversational embargo. Talk about servants? Why, bless you! why not? After food prices, what could be a more thrilling topic? Isn't it just *the* question of the day? Shall we get to Berlin in the spring? Paterfamilias shrugs his shoulders: "Shall I be cleaning the steps this winter is what I want to know?" he replies.

Last week, in the vestibule of the Savoy, I saw a certain prominent society leader buttonhole a smiling subaltern. "Find me another butler, my dear," she said earnestly, "the one I have now asks a hundred a year—a hundred! and he eats at least two pounds' worth of food a week and smokes all the best cigars and drinks simply everything—he costs me quite two-fifty a year!"

THE SERVANT PROBLEM

The pet topic of the suburban wife—formerly suppressed even by her in the presence of her smarter acquaintances—is now beloved of the Elect. Not only do countesses beg you for cooks, but peers importune you for parlourmaids! Yes, even the men are coming in now; and not only ordinary men, even the intellectuals!

The other day I called on a distinguished editor, who two years ago would have regaled me with choice morsels of his pet philosophy, or news of his latest discovery in poets. Now he walked up and down his office holding his brow and occasionally smiting it.

"I went down into the basement," he boomed at me tragically, "and what do you suppose I found? Every electric lamp alight—passages, coal-holes, all! Every gas-jet burning! Gas stove ablaze! Roaring fire up the chimney, and you know the price of coal! And upstairs my wife and I sitting in the gloom, with only one reading-lamp on the table between us—to economise. Economise! Why, in this country it's impossible."

"Too bad," I murmured sympathetically; "but I've come to ask . . ."

"Economise!" he repeated, in a fresh spasm of anguish as he took another desperate stride up and down. "It can't be done. Not in England. Not with our working classes. Why, the other day I decided to go without bacon —one-and-eight-a-pound, you know."

I knew.

"My wife says simply couldn't manage on the old allowance now that prices are doubled; so naturally—sensible people—give it up—war-time. But do you think the servants will give it up? Do you think they care whether we are at war or not? whether my income is quartered or not?"

"I *don't* think . . ." I began.

"Not them—not for the world! Let the Huns come! Let the country smash! Let us all be drained of our last penny, but they *will* have their bacon—their pound of——"

"Rashers," I managed to interpolate. "But I wanted to ask you if you'd take . . ."

"No German girl would behave like that," was all I got. "How are we going to beat a nation organised like Germany," he thundered, "when in our own homes there's

no *esprit-de-corps*, no patriotism, no common sense, no——"

I was obliged to leave him to his despair. My next visit was to a friend who, three days ago, had had to call in a specialist to operate suddenly on a poisoned finger. He was quite an important person, with a wonderful brow and a booming present, not to mention a big future. Rather an awe-inspiring personality, and I was ever so slightly perturbed on finding him sitting by my friend's side in her cosy boudoir. The door was covered by a screen, and, before they were aware of my entrance, I heard what the great man was saying in his mellow, scholarly voice.

"Would you believe it? They gave me notice, the whole six of them together, and I felt so furious, I said: 'Well, you can all go now, at once,' and they went! But, of course, it was I who suffered. I was acting against my own interests; and now my wife and I are alone in that big house, with only a charwoman . . ."

The topic of the day, indeed! How comfortable for the *nouveaux riches*, who won't need to get it up, but find themselves past masters of *chic* conversation without effort.

When there is a shortage of any commodity that is necessary for the well-being of the community, wise people lay their heads together to try either to find out the reason for the shortage, with a view to removing it, or a substitute for the commodity in question. The unwise bewail their hard lot helplessly, and the philosophical learn to do without.

The main reason why there is a shortage of servants is not only the competition of more attractive callings, but because domestic service itself is in a sorry state. No one wants to be a servant nowadays. Why should they? The work is hard and uninteresting; the accommodation offered is generally poor; the hours are long and, what is worse indefinite. Social intercourse is limited to the one afternoon-and-evening and alternate Sundays. There are few opportunities for romance and none for entertaining one's friends. No young woman can reasonably be expected to take kindly to such conditions; the last two alone are sufficient drawback, without any others.

In the suburbs the supply used to be more plentiful,

doubtless because the houses are easier to work. Consider the average London house, with its dismal and complicated basement, its four or even five floors, its myriads of carpeted stairs to be kept brushed and brass stair-rods to be polished. Consider how often a servant has to run up and down those stairs. Add the labour of carrying coal and cans, the distasteful task of cleaning grates, the endless, endless fight with that invincible arch-enemy, that veritable work of the Devil—dust. And all the innumerable silver and brass objects which must be burnished, the boots and the knives (where no boy is kept), the long passages, the heavy carpets, the white paint. What a deadly round it is, and always the same! Can one wonder that the smarter, more intelligent girls are not satisfied to settle down to it, or that maids of any kind are so difficult to get in London?

In the days of the good, old-fashioned minion, who cheerfully grew grey in the service of the same family, the standard of education was different. Modern girls of the working class have been educated just sufficiently to aspire to something better. (Before the war I had a parlourmaid who played the violin, a housemaid who played the organ, and a cook who said she was an officer's widow.) They may try it for a time at the instigation of their mothers, but then they gravitate naturally to shops or some sphere that gives more opportunities. Only those remain of a non-adventurous temperament and the less well-favoured and intelligent. Thus the supply grows less and less, and there is gnashing of teeth on virtuous British hearths.

There is another aspect of the case, one that might be considered heretical. But is it not possible that Englishwomen have the servants they deserve? How many of us are trained to understand the science of housekeeping, as French and German girls are trained? In this country most young women of good family scorn to know anything about it. They marry, as a rule, in the completest ignorance, and learn their job only by bitter experience. It is a truism that bad mistresses make bad servants. If a thorough course of study in some domestic science institution were part of a woman's education, I believe the next generation of husbands would hear much less about the servant problem.

As our domestics become fewer they have naturally grown more exacting; and employers, in proportion to the measure of their despair, have had recourse to all manner of concessions, bribes, and ameliorating devices generally.

I have heard of a wealthy couple living in a large house at Totteridge, who not only bought a pony cart for their elderly maids' pleasure, but actually hired a special man to drive them! And even then the maids would not stay; they complained that the country lanes bored them and that the pony did not go fast enough to enable them to get interestingly far afield in the time allowed. In the end these people were compelled to give up housekeeping altogether and take to hotel-life.

The rude, overbearing, fault-finding mistress is seldom found nowadays. To be inconsiderate to one's maids certainly would not pay. London ladies, at any rate, have acquired a honeyed demeanour when dealing with their staff.

"I'm so worried," a smart young married woman said to me the other day. "Didn't you notice how Miriam scowled when she brought in tea?"

"Well, what if she did?"

"Oh, my dear, that shows what a happy lot yours is. Why, when Miriam puts on that expresh, George and I simply tremble. Either one of her soldiers has disappointed her—she has five now, and her two favourites are so tiresome. I sometimes feel I'd almost *pay* Algernon, the A.S.C. corporal, if he'd write more regularly and make the pace a bit. Or else her new hat has fiascoed, or it's her liver. I shall have to ask her about it and smooth her down a little before dinner. If she waits with that frown on George will curse the food and get worked up into one of his worst 'What's-the-good-of-family-life-damn-everything' fits, and then I shan't sleep all night."

Needless to say, Miriam was perfectly aware of the devastating properties of her scowl and wielded this weapon mercilessly. She was a first-class servant, the mainstay of the household, and well knew her terrible power.

Soon we shall have reached the same pitch as they have in Canada. "Where d'you get that coat and skirt?" a Canadian servant asked her new mistress. The information was supplied and the price, sixty-three dollars

(£12 12*s*.). "I'll have one of those," was the answer. And she did!

Little behind this is the London cook, who, when told of a prospective dinner-party, replied: "I am sorry, madam, but it will not be convenient for me to stay in that evening; it is my piano lesson."

Now this sort of thing cannot go on. Domestic service must be reorganised on more reasonable lines, arranged to conserve the self-respect of both employer and employed, or we must do without servants, at any rate, with the specialised personal servant.

I think it was a character in *Lady Windermere's Fan* who complains that the world is simply packed with good women. Doubtless there are millions of saintly wives and spinsters who would cheerfully turn to and do their own cooking, in emergency. But there are millions more of lesser worth who wouldn't. And still more millions of thoroughly unregenerate, like myself, who couldn't: who would rather eat out of a tin or a paper bag than cook: who, at a pinch, would quarter their husband permanently at his club and doom their children perpetually to school, rather than face the cookless life in its full bitterness.

Many women, however, are compelled to take up this burden for sheer lack of means. Where this is the case there is nothing to be said, except to send out a thought-wave of deepest compassion, and hope that in their next incarnation they will be born into the sphere where chefs abound and meals of character and worth spring up magically four times a day!

The gentle humorist who wrote *Life Without Servants* is of the opinion that "to live servantless is to discover the happiness and the interest of domestic life. It pulls a family together, it makes for intelligence and comradeship, it gives a continual interest to life, it brightens the wits and it develops character. Unless character is developing, family life is at a deadlock."

This is very charming, and only a man—a comfortably-housed and well-waited-on man—could have written it. Women will read it with a wry smile, and some might even retort on the lines of the little girl, who said: "You can take away God, Nanny, if only you'll leave the candle."

I believe strongly in having the fewest number of

servants compatible with comfort, in organising the scheme of work, of decorations, and everything else with a view to eliminating all unnecessary labour, since a multiplicity of minions means a tempest of trouble. But to do away with them entirely isn't life at all—not a life worth living, anyhow.

Our friend also advises woman to "express herself by her labour, to sweep out a room to the glory of God!" etc. It is certainly best to put a cheerful face on any task, but, personally, I consider this glorification of housework is a mistake, a retrograde step that would lead us back to the old life of narrow domesticity, the very thing we have struggled for generations to improve upon. If housework has got to be done, and there is no one else but you to do it, use your brains to get it finished as quickly and efficiently as possible and then forget all about it. To make a religion of it is simply to put your neck under a yoke, to become that deadliest and most devastating of all nuisances, the housework fiend.

I once knew a woman living in a country house where the majority of the floors were covered with plain brown cork linoleum, which, when oiled and polished, looked extremely well. At first this polishing was done occasionally, then once a week. Then, as gradually the house became its owner's ruling passion, every day. Needless to say, her maids lived in a state of revolt, so that her staff constantly changed, and often she could get no servants at all for months together. But those floors were polished just the same every day, every member of the family, and even visitors, being pressed into the sacred service. This is a case of the housework fiend at her worst, and as the diabolical disease does not, as a rule, develop until after matrimony, the fear of it is enough to keep any young man single.

The point is not, of course, that housework is degrading—an absurd thought—but that there are better things to be done, wider possibilities for educated modern woman, more splendid ways of expressing themselves by their labour.

But if an era of complete servantlessness is really and truly dawning—which Heaven forbid; if the crushed upper classes have indeed to cope with this curse, to shoulder

yet another burden, then the first thing to do is to abolish the pernicious idea that housework can only be done by women. The experience of military life in the ranks, now the common lot of the majority of young Englishmen, will doubtless make this obstacle easier to overcome than might have seemed possible in pre-war days. Men who never before lifted a hand for themselves, who could not take a fresh neck-tie from the drawer without emptying the latter's whole contents on the floor for some woman to pick up and put away—the average pampered upper-class man, in short—have learned during these last two years to cook, and scrub, and polish, and do housework of every description.

Now why not keep it up? There is no species of domestic labour that man cannot perform as well, if not better, than women. A man can make a bed, wash a dish, run a carpet-sweeper across the floor as easily as a woman can. He can carry coals and scrub much more easily, because of his superior physical strength. If there are to be no servants, then why should not man do his bit in the home? Not a large bit, naturally, since his main work lies outside, but *a* bit. Each member of the household should clear up after himself at the very least.

The more I meditate on this idea the more reasonable and attractive does it seem. but I know well that it would be frustrated by the very people whom it is designed to benefit—US! We women are such fools, such abject man-worshippers, that sooner than see our pampered darlings do more than tie their own ties or lace up their own boots, we would, and do, work ourselves—not exactly to the bone, as the phrase goes—but *passée* and querulous.

So much for life without servants. And, now, at last, for an effort at construction, how to reorganise domestic service so as to ensure a supply of efficient angels-on-the-hearth. First, we must not only lure back into the ranks the vanished stars, but attract a still brighter and more scintillating variety. We must not lower, but raise the standard, and thus ensure in our workers more loyalty, more grit, a finer feeling altogether. So that in bad times that insistence on the pound of flesh—I mean rashers—which so troubled my editor friend would be unthinkable. It is not impossible, even now, as I know from personal experience, to find servants who will cheerfully economise,

forgo their bacon, and even be tender with the gas and coals, in the interests of a kind employer, let alone the needs of the country in a great crisis. But these jewels are certainly not picked up everywhere.

If the conditions of domestic service were completely revolutionised; if the whole thing were reorganised, standardised on the accepted commercial lines—why should it not take its place among other occupations for women of moderate education, relieving the appalling shortage in one sphere, and the equally disastrous (in normal times) congestion in the other?

A business woman, personally unknown to me, recently sent me the following suggestion as to how this revolution could be effected:—

(1) An eight-hour day adopted; overtime when required being paid for as in other trades.

(2) Where two or more maids are kept the working day is to begin at, say, 6.30 a.m. and end at 2.30 p.m. alternate weeks; the second shift being from 2.30 to 10.30 p.m.

(3) Alternate Sundays are to be completely free for the domestic worker, in the case of more than one maid being kept. The general servant's hours to be reduced by half on Sunday. The latter's duties are to be so arranged that her evenings on alternate weeks are completely free.

(4) With the exception of nurses and persons attending to invalids, the practice of maids sleeping on the premises to be abolished.

It may be argued that a housemaid is not competent to substitute a cook, but the reply to this is that in most middle-class families, where only two maids are kept, they are in reality but two general servants, though differently named, and each performs the other's duties whenever necessity arises. In larger establishments the scheme would be easier to realise, for the chief footman could substitute the butler, the upper-housemaid the parlourmaid, the kitchenmaid the cook, and so on. Where a maid "supplying" another was not in the beginning competent to understudy her superior, it can be assumed that she would lose no time in becoming proficient, in consideration of the advantages she would thereby derive.

The originator of this scheme holds that if the servants' work were only conducted on business lines, at competitive rates of pay, the objections to it would vanish. Given free powers in the matter of apartments, where she could entertain her friends at will, the maid would appreciate her changed position in society and show her appreciation by working to the very best of her abilities.

The weak spot in this scheme, to my mind, is that it would be hard on those who could only afford to keep a general servant, for surely the whole race of these would instantly be absorbed. Then, too, there is the economic question; wages would surely have to be much higher if the maid had to provide a lodging for herself.

The idea, however, certainly opens out *possibilities* of salvation, for one of the principal objections to service among the better educated is the lack of freedom in the evenings. Under this scheme the houseworker would be as free after hours as the shop girl or clerk, and probably better paid and fed. She could pass her free time how she chose, either joining in the pursuits of young business people—whatever these may be—or in her own home, or pursuing the eternal love-quest that is the principal pre-occupation of the young.

With no staff sleeping on the premises the householder would save space, reduce rent, gas, fires, and laundry expenses.

If you ask me how this idea is going to be actually inaugurated I can but reply, candidly, that I don't know! This is where a superior male mind must step in. As a nation, we are just beginning to organise for war after two years of devastating destruction. It may be that we shall begin planning for peace about the time the next war is due. A more hopeful view is that, after the war, this newly-acquired art of organisation will surely make itself felt in many ways, and an all-round improvement should result. Domestic service must come into line with the rest.

Until then, the lucky few who still have domestics, who can beg, borrow, or abduct them, who can hypnotise, terrorise, or compel their services, let them hold fast with all their might and pray for the good time . . . coming.

(Perhaps!)

Criticism in War

By Miles

I HAVE just read John Masefield's "Gallipoli," which, as a literary piece, is a beautiful book. Admirably written, rising to heights of poetic nobility, it tells of the deeds of Britons on the historic Chersonese in a way that no one of us can read without love, without pride, without a self-felt sense of martial glory; and for this good reason I know it will be read.

But war is a stern business, and when we turn to the military value of the work we find it is an apology. Dedicated to General Sir Ian Hamilton, this treatise seems to have been written to prove that with another 50,000 men success would have been obtained; consequently that the mistake rests with the starving policy of the Home Government, who stopped just when the dispatch of another three divisions would have enabled us to succeed. As there is a Commission sitting on the Gallipoli expedition, it is well to say nothing, except that I should like to record my personal conviction, namely, that the expedition was doomed to failure from the outset, and that not 300,000 men would have succeeded, even had they managed to advance a mile or so farther in, one reason being our lack at the time of the necessary artillery and high explosives. What strikes the soldier is this. Why does a poet write about a military, a desperate military, expedition? And this brings me to the point I desire to make, which is our curious amateurish handling of the war, even at this hour.

A few examples. Masefield tackles the Gallipoli fiasco. Mr. Kipling is deputed to write a series on naval operations, which he does in his own manner so well that his disquisitions read like fiction, and I believe Sir Henry Newbolt also turned out a poetic rhapsody on the Navy. When the Jutland battle needed "writing up," Mr. Winston Churchill got in his knock. Always uncritical, superlative praise: word-paint.

From the Front we cannot, of course, expect much. It is perhaps right that men who do know something about war should be kept away. On the whole, the bucolic charm of Mr. Beach Thomas's reports are gratefully received, except when he annoys the soldiers by talking of Germans chained to machine-guns and his fantasy runs amok over the tree-climbing properties of the "Tanks." A man has a difficult job "out there." He is under the Censor. The poor chap does what he can and, as a fact, does it well.

But here it is different; here, at least, we might have some informed judgments. We might, yet we don't. I make no complaint, but the fact remains that our military opinions are taken chiefly from a coterie of men who are not soldiers, many of whom never gave war or the Germans a thought before the war, and who imagine their main business is to fight the enemy with the pen, to destroy his legions by the ink-pot, defeat, rout, and dismember him weekly to the perpetual comfort of a war-ignorant public.

The results of this pen-fighting journalism have been serious. One is the dangerous discrepancy that exists between the instructed Government and the ignorant public opinion, leading to the gulf which now separates the Government from the country, it being difficult for Ministers even to talk about the war in Parliament, official secrecy being no match for the public optimism which fails to see why, for instance, the Tribunals should not exempt men by the tens of thousands, since the Press has informed them that the Germans hardly have a whole man left.

At one time we had "fished up" all the submarines. To-day the public are puzzled about this fishing business, and still more so about the price of fish. The evening papers nightly record one victory after another, so that one wonders how it is the Germans are alive at all by now. There is no sense of proportion. Objective criticism hardly exists. We soar daily from one victory to another. There is no strategic grasp. Always we fight the foe on paper and worst him. And any man who ventures to write intelligently or usefully is dubbed a pro-German or a pessimist.

The Press is, of course, the public. A commercial Press in a democracy such as ours is not a healthy medium of

expression in the crisis of war. Editors want "paying" articles, writers want payment, the public has been taught to feed on uncritical optimism, advertisers demand big circulations. The war is therefore written about: (1) to please the public and, through the public, the advertisers, (2) to maintain the spirit of business as usual by beating the enemy all the time with the pen.

The reason for this is our inveterate hatred of criticism, which has led to the arbitrary use of language now becoming more and more the fashion. Words no longer possess any meaning. Sir John Simon told us that one volunteer was the equal of four conscripts—we believed him. Lord Cecil informed us we were on the eve of a tremendous victory in Gallipoli—we believed him. Mr. Asquith stated the Mesopotamian expedition to be the best equipped in the war—we believed him. At Newcastle he told us in 1915 there was no shortage of shells—we believed him. Never would he introduce conscription—we believed him. But I won't continue the dreary list of Ministerial inexactitudes; the point is, that events have proved these men to have spoken falsely and unwisely, yet still there is no improvement, unless it be that we now get a regular Press communication from a French "expert commentator," which would suggest that we seem no longer to trust our own.

Now words matter very seriously in war, the exact use of words, because war is an exact operation, and failure to grasp the realities and needs of war may, and does, lead to disaster. We use words about war as lawyers use them—to make a case. Poets are our strategists,* our official "writers up," as in Masefield's "Gallipoli," which, as a military work, is of no value whatever. And this blindness of ours, due to our inexact feeling for words, our hatred of criticism, our refusal to face facts, is the cause not only of many of our blunders, but of that system known as whitewash, which refuses to punish offenders, except when the instance is too unfortunate, as in the case of Mr. Birrell and Sinn Féin.

* The military expert of the *Westminster Gazette* is a gem of delight. One of his recent verdicts was that the Germans would not seek to make for Bukharest, but then our green mentor has turned a livid colour since the war, so perhaps it is hardly fair to expect much military judgment from that source.

This is our national military weakness. We excuse, instead of enforcing, responsibility. Mr. Masefield, for instance, does not explain why the naval operations at Gallipoli took place before the landing, thus giving the Turks full warning of our intentions. He does not tell us that we had "spotters" on Achi Baba Hill, which subsequently we failed to take after losing thousands of lives. He does not explain why, if only 50,000 more men could have "done the trick," the General in Command did not insist on having a sufficient force at his command before attempting the job. He writes beautifully, but poetically, of that colossal failure: as a star-gazer, not as a soldier.

Yet war is a soldier's affair and mistakes are fatal. Mr. Balfour's recent un-Nelsonic account of the German torpedo raid in the Channel is not a sign of strength, it is a disquieting performance. It was unmanly. It showed Mr. Balfour as the tired cynic. Nor was it pleasant to learn that the German account was more accurate than ours.

Now a good military work on Gallipoli, setting forth carefully the causes of the failure, would have been a useful book. And had the people been told from the outset that this war was the biggest thing they had yet had to face in their history, who can doubt but that by this time we should have had a much bigger Army and this summer would have dealt the enemy a far greater blow? But we chose to fool ourselves. We don't yet realise the stupendous efforts we have to make to secure victory. We still talk of the inevitable German "collapse," the revolution in Berlin, the starvation cure and bankrupt theory, not on any real military grounds, but solely because it pleases us to think so.

One of the latest prophecies comes from that great imaginative writer, Mr. Wells, who pledged his reputation that the Germans would begin to "squeal" in November and accept our terms in June. I prefer to hearken to the words of General Sir William Robertson, who told us we were about half through the war. The public, of course, swallows the novelist's vaticination: it is more comfortable.

Recently quite a sensation has been caused because a series appeared in the *Observer*, which treated the situation in an intellectual, virile fashion, ignoring the Sunday

adjectival generalisations, which prepare our digestions for the Sabbath lunch. It was a treat, for the stuff was sound, the tone was high, it was what the public needed, namely, a straight talking to, and if we only had more writing like that we would not have such a feeble Government. Though it appeared to disturb Fleet Street, it was one of the most useful pronouncements on the war we have had for a long time. In the wilderness of commercial Press talk it stood out like a finger-post at a cross-road.*

Possibly "our" William is to blame, for the rampart soliloquy, the camp harangue, the period "in a lonely part of the battlefield"—these Shakespearian tendencies are in the blood; we find it in the banter of the Ring; it is of the spirit of "ragging." And to that we must add the tradition that only courage matters in war, so that our war-writers imagine their first duty is to write in the manner of the "boy stood on the burning deck." Hence the "What ho!" style which infects even the best of our newspaper writers, among whom Mr. Horatio Bottomley, with his Elizabethan jubilations, "takes the biscuit" as the swashbuckler of the Press. It is a "cape and dagger" journalism in the spirit of the Spanish drama. Cut and thrust! Ha! Ha! It reminds me of William Terriss, who doffed his cap with every adjective in the old Adelphi melodrama. And as this spirit lends itself peculiarly to caricature, so we find the cartoonist leading opinion rather than the informed writer, though the essence of caricature is exaggeration, and exaggeration is a very poor General.

The truth is, we only get a distorted picture in the Press of this greatest of all dramas. Under the exacerbation of war, all attempt to arrive at the truth is thrown to the winds. Anything like calm reasoning is regarded as unpatriotic. Passion obscures our vision. Now the great need of the day is of deliberate judgment and intelligent foresight and the complete national appreciation of the efforts and sacrifices needed to secure victory.

* The Northcliffe Press, the *Morning Post,* are brilliant exceptions, and latterly *The Evening Standard.* No doubt the Party Liberal Press has written victories ever since 1914 to help cover up—the past.

The Foreign Office Again

By Diplomatist

In The English Review for February there appeared an article which was passed by practically unnoticed by the majority of people in this country; and yet that article, had it been carefully read and the far-reaching, far-searching significance of the charges there made been realised (against our Balkan policy under the present Foreign Secretary), might have changed the whole face of the war and placed the Allies in a position to-day that would have ensured them against the danger of a premature peace. For it may be accepted as a certainty that, had the British public understood the position, this country and the Allied nations would have been saved from the ignominious position in which they find themselves to-day in Central Europe.

When that article appeared Serbia had already suffered betrayal at the hands of the British Foreign Office, and the facts which had by that time come to light were recorded in plain terms in The English Review. The fight which France had made to save Serbia—and by saving Serbia to frustrate the German plan of a straight road to the East—was revealed in all its significance.

And yet a year after these events—events so momentous to the success or failure of the Allied arms—the British Foreign Secretary, who has now become a peer of the realm, is repeating once more, and with disastrous effects, his policy of compromising with the open enemy of the Allies and of slighting and discouraging their trusted friend, the while our latest Ally, Roumania, is being seriously threatened with massacre and annihilation by the German armies.

For some considerable time those best informed on Balkan matters had been urging that the one and only course which could ensure security for the Allies against

the strong and powerful pro-German and German influences at Athens was full recognition and support in whatever direction was deemed necessary of Mr. Venizelos and his Provisional Government. This course seemed so obvious that it was rightly assumed that it would be strongly supported by those responsible in this country. Public feeling, however, became seriously alarmed when, two days after Parliament reassembled early in October, the Roumanian position became critical, and during the debate on the Vote of Credit Mr. John Dillon made the following statement :—

"It is well known to those who have followed the course of the present war that for many, many months the most sinister and painful rumours have been in speculation as to the Salonica Expedition. It has been confidently stated that those rumours emanated from sources which are usually exceedingly well informed.

" . . . It would be very useful from many points of view if it were possible for the Secretary for War to say something before this debate closes to convey to the people of Roumania the conviction and assurance that, so far as possible, this country will strain every nerve and without delay go to their rescue by a strong counter-effort in Macedonia. There cannot be the slightest doubt that if the Bulgarians were seriously alarmed for the safety of their country, and particularly for the safety of Macedonia, in which they are overwhelmingly interested, they would probably withdraw the Bulgarian Armies from Roumania and set her free to use all her strength to resist the ferocious onslaughts which are now being made on her by the German General, Mackensen, and the chief Generals of Germany."

The importance of these remarks will become evident when it is realised that Roumania entered the war on the side of the Allies on the definite understanding that there should be: (1) a strong offensive in Macedonia by the Allied armies under General Sarrail at Salonica, and (2) *a satisfactory settlement of the Greek situation.* Neither of these obligations has been fulfilled, and it is because number one depends upon number two that unprecedented efforts have been made, and are even now being made, to force the Government to recognise the Venizelos Provisional Government in Greece. Members have, by question and by raising the matter on the adjournment in the House of Commons, endeavoured to pierce the mystery which clouds our Foreign Office policy with regard to Greece, but so far no satisfactory explanation has been vouchsafed.

Now in the matter of Greece it is all-important to remember that those who are urging the full recognition of Mr. Venizelos and his Government are urging the recogni-

tion of the tried and staunch friend of the Allies. They believe that it is not possible to recognise two Governments, so utterly and entirely opposed in sentiment and sympathy as the Royalist Government and the Venizelos Government, and the news which comes daily from Athens proves this to be a reasonable conclusion. Let us therefore examine the record of King Constantine, as the head of the Royalist Government in Greece, in order that we may compare it with that of Mr. Venizelos.

First let it be fully realised that Constantine is not only pro-German, but is a believer in Germany and German methods. He is an ardent admirer of German militarism and is in full sympathy with the Central Powers. The reasons for these conclusions are many and varied, and no blame can be attached to the Greek King's sentiments in this direction. He sees Germany and the Central Powers gradually establishing themselves in the Balkans, he sees each small nation which has had the courage to throw in her lot with the Allies lying, as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* described it in a recent article, "prostrate at Germany's feet," and he believes, rightly or wrongly, that Greece can only be saved in the long run by dropping down on the German side of the fence, and he accordingly acts, and will continue to act, in the interests of the Central Powers.

The following extracts, taken from a speech made recently by Mr. Alex Pallis, a well-known Greek resident in London, will suffice to substantiate fully this surmise. In the course of his remarks Mr. Pallis said :—

"I do not know whether any of you realise that our difficulties in Roumania are largely due to Constantine. He first delivered Fort Rupel, a very strong pass, to the Bulgarian Army, and then successively other forts, and lastly Drama, Serres, and Kavalla, which places have now to be all reconquered before we can effect a diversion in relief of Roumania. The last act was performed with consummate cunning. He caused a written undertaking to be issued by the Germans that the Bulgars would not enter those towns so as to put the Allies off their guard, and then he invited the Bulgars to secure them. And the deed was perpetrated with the utmost cruelty to his own people, because the Greek population there was assured that it had nothing to fear, so that it lost its all-in-all, an enormous amount of booty which must have set up the Bulgarian State for some time to come. The value of it is estimated at something like two million sterling in merchandise alone. Along with those places Constantine delivered to our enemy thousands of rifles, 150 to 200 guns of a modern type, with their ammunition fresh from the shops, a veritable godsend to the Bulgars at a time when, owing to the present superiority of the Entente in munitions, the Germans were not likely to be in a position to spare any to the Bulgars. These gifts do not exhaust Constantine's

liberality. Macedonia is a very difficult country to move in, craggy and roadless, and a superiority in pack-animals adds materially to the efficacy of an army operating in that country. Constantinue thought that he could also oblige in the matter of animals, and so 3,000 mules and horses passed from the hands of the Greeks into the possession of the Bulgars along with the guns and rifles. With these gifts he in reality presented our enemies with a very handsome victory over us at no cost to them whatever. Now, you would perhaps think that he did enough, and that at last he would have rested. No, when it is a question of standing well with the Germans everything must be thought out and every advantage afforded. So there was the question of food. A poor country like Bulgaria was short of food. She was got out of her difficulty in this way. Some time ago there was a great dearth of flour at Kavalla and the surrounding districts. Some steamers, therefore, were loaded at the Piræus with wheat or flour, and the Constantine Press at Athens invited the public to witness the paternal solicitude with which his Government promptly thought of the needs of the Greek populations. Well, the steamers left for Kavalla, but somehow they missed that port and went farther up the coast and there delivered the cargoes to whom? To the Greeks? Not at all. They delivered them to the Bulgars; and the Greeks were left to shift for themselves as best they could. When Kavalla was surrendered the unfortunate Kavalliotes were starving, and many deaths occurred, especially among the young and the infirm. Food was supplied to the Bulgars through another channel also. There had been an accumulation of wheat in Thessaly, and an order was issued prohibiting its exportation. Suddenly it was discovered that that wheat, or a large part of it, disappeared. What had become of it? The prohibition was applicable, it seems, if the wheat was for exportation to the Allied Armies at Salonica, or to any Greek ports, but not so if it was to be exported to Bulgaria. And to Bulgaria it went."

It is with this man that Viscount Grey is compromising, while Mr. Venizelos is being slighted and his cause daily and hourly weakened by that compromise. Is it not natural—nay, is it not the duty of men and women here—to ask for some explanation?

The suggestion has been made that to recognise the Venizelos Government and abandon the Royalist Government would create an anti-dynastic precedent. That suggestion is swept away by the fact that in fighting the Kaiser and the Hohenzollern dynasty the Allies are not supporting any such precedent. They are not warring against kingship, but the prostitution of kingship, in their efforts to destroy the Hohenzollerns and their system, and they have the right to fight against Germany and the active supporters of Germany wherever the Allied interests clash with the interests of the enemy.

What, then, is the explanation of this crowning folly on the part of the British Foreign Office?

The main thing which concerns Great Britain is the part which Viscount Grey and the British Foreign Office

have played in creating the grave situation in Greece and the consequent disasters in Roumania with which the Allies are faced to-day. THE ENGLISH REVIEW has always pursued a fearless criticism, in the interests of our national honour, of the repeated policy of weakness and vacillation for which the Foreign Office is responsible. It has not hesitated, and very properly so, to go to the fount and source of that weakness, and by logic and fact revealed Viscount Grey's failure as Foreign Secretary, and for this the nation owes it a debt of gratitude.

It is fitting, therefore, that through its columns the public should be reminded once more of the disastrous policy which Viscount Grey is pursuing in connection with the Greek situation, and in endeavouring to explain this policy to recall the interview which the Foreign Secretary had with the German Ambassador in London in August, 1914, immediately after the British Ultimatum had been delivered to Germany.

In that interview Viscount Grey informed Prince Lichnowsky that it would be in the interests of Germany for Great Britain to come in on the side of France and Russia in order that she might be the moderating force against any attempt by these two Powers to crush Germany. The actual words used were as follows :—

> ". . . Great Britain as a participating Power would be still more in a position to throw her weight into the scale than if she remained neutral, because she *could at any moment threaten to withdraw from the fight.*
>
> "The Minister (Sir Edward Grey) said further that he would always be ready in the event of mediation to help us. *He was remote from every idea to crush Germany.* All that he wished was the restoration of peace as soon as possible under acceptable conditions."

It is true that Viscount Grey, though not denying these words, denies the construction which the German Chancellor put upon them. But in the light of what has happened since, not in one instance, but in many, can it be denied that Viscount Grey's policy has been in entire accordance with this pronouncement?

How, otherwise, can his policy and his attitude to Greece and to Mr. Venizelos be explained? for although Lord Robert Cecil has denied that Viscount Grey was the stumbling-block to the efforts made by France at the Boulogne Conference for a full and official recognition of the Provisional Government in Greece, yet such a statement

gives an impression not strictly in accordance with fact. It is true that the final decision of that Conference was in favour of a *de facto* recognition, but will Lord Robert Cecil deny that during the Conference France made stupendous and superhuman efforts to bring about a decision in favour of full and unqualified recognition and that Viscount Grey was the obstacle and overrode French opinion? Are not the true facts exactly similar to those in connection with the Calais Conference of October, 1915, when French opinion on the question of Serbia was overridden and set aside by the pressure of Viscount Grey? What was that pressure? Those outside diplomatic circles can only judge these things by what subsequently happens and by facts accomplished. Are they not, however, entitled—nay, does it not become their duty—to ask whether the pressure was in any way connected with that haunting interview which, in the light of subsequent events, becomes fraught with pregnant meaning?

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that as things stand in Athens and Roumania to-day Viscount Grey's persistent refusal to settle the Greek situation, by the full and generous recognition of Mr. Venizelos and his Provisional Government, has been the crowning folly of the Foreign Office. And more than that. Unless it be madness, it is the method of showing Germany the way to consolidate her Pan-German dream, which "natural" artery lies along the Danube, and so establishing the German-Danubian State with its lien upon Turkey and the road to the East, as revealed to the Kaiser in 1898 when, over the grave of Saladin, he proclaimed himself, "Friend of Mahomed."

Woman-Power

By Major Stuart-Stephens

THE decision of Germany to employ in the economic service of the State the great majority of its female population is one which, in this country, should be at once responded to by the organisation, on thoroughgoing lines, of our women workers—of all sorts and conditions. Under the present system but a small minority of the sex has been utilised for the release to strictly military duty of male munition workers, of employees for inland transport, of volunteer military nurses, and of the thousand and one "light jobs" which are capable of being quite efficiently performed by "our sisters, our cousins, and our aunts." But these innovations in our social existence are merely half-, or, rather, quarter-measures—ridiculously inadequate in view of the tremendous crisis through which the Empire is passing.

The time-honoured idea that one volunteer is worth half-a-dozen pressed men is as much a fallacy when applied to the fair as it is to the sterner sex. This is no time for a persistent endeavour to exert all the available female forces of our population on a volunteer basis. It has been proved to have failed, and lamentably so, from the point of providing adequately for our national security. It is the merest truism to say that to win this terrific struggle we will, as every month passes, require more men and still more men to be supplanted in their occupation in civil life by women.

It appears never to have struck our people that the taking from the labour market—and I use the word "labour" in its most complete sense—of more than five million men workers means their replacement by an equal number of women. This fact has not so far been generally realised, yet it is the only means of salvation from that widespread chaos which is already threatening our national economic existence.

But five million female auxiliaries cannot be obtained without resorting to a systemised, German-like organisation, the bedrock of which is conscription for woman-power, the need of which ought to be self-evident to everyone. Take first its application to the most honourable of the vocations which are open to the feminine world—that of nursing. Under present limitations a nurse can at will terminate her thirty shillings a week engagement as ministering angel to wounded Tommies and transfer her trained knowledge to private employment, where she can, under the inflated condition of our present wage conditions, command anything from two guineas to five, and that for seven days' infinitely easier work than that which was her lot in a military hospital.

Here, surely, is a case in which conscription alone can act as cure. Military service as nurse, whether undertaken by a duchess or her humbler sister, must be regulated on an all-round basis, or the time will soon come when a tremendous levy of soldier hospital orderlies will be required. And, of course, a vast increase of the establishment of male nurses being out of the question, the alternative remains that the necessary proportion of female nurses for our vast Army must be maintained through the institution of compulsory service. I know that for want of such power our splendid medical staff, all over the various theatres of war as well as at home and at Malta, have been put to their wits' end to deal with our daily casualty lists.

As a distinguished officer of the R.A.M.C. gloomily observed to me recently, "We want *double* the nurses we have at present in uniform, but we will never be able to catch and hold them until we are at liberty to say to a young woman suitable in physique and education, 'Madame, we want you to serve your country as an Army nurse, so you will at once go into training.' Until we acquire this power the congestion of our hospitals will proceed from bad to worse." It is not a pretty picture, this spectacle of crowds of our maimed heroes suffering from the lack of indispensable attendance, because any Red Cross badged young lady can of her own sweet will relinquish her job at practically a moment's notice.

Each of the belligerents, excepting, of course, Belgium and the Balkan Powers, in the early days of the war con-

scripted, for their nursing services, a full quota of their suitable women, while here, after two years and four months' experience of the uselessness of the voluntary system, we are still groping along in that happy-go-lucky fashion which leads to nothing but wait and see. The days are past when "muddling through" will bring to England ultimate success in such a war as we are now engaged in. Only by putting into use, as in Germany, the whole man- and woman-power of the nation can we hope to escape being forced sooner or later into an indecisive peace, which would mean a greater and even more exhausting struggle within a dozen years. Therefore I advocate a conscription which would give the fighting forces the proportion of nurses which is due to them and which, as I write, they are in sore need of. Next summer the second great advance on the Western front will take place, and this would leave some six months for the training of the many thousand extra nurses who will then be in urgent demand, for by that time our troops engaged in the war will have reached an unprecedented total. Thus there is no time to lose. Action, and at once, is imperative. As to the employment of women on the land, the available Board of Trade returns reveal that 37,000 have actually found employment, while 65,000 women have registered as ready to undertake this sphere of work. Now these figures, and they apply so far to no fewer than twenty-eight shires, imply to my mind that women have been merely playing with the farmers' vocation. When the Board of Agriculture, last spring, made its belated discovery that cultivation would run fallow if steps were not taken to replace the farm labour absorbed in the new armies, a first appeal was made to women to take up work on the land, those who knew the real conditions of agricultural life were convinced that the situation would not be sensibly alleviated by voluntary effort. What happened? There was at first quite a rush of girls from the great town centres, who pictured themselves as the attractive milkmaid of eighteenth century romance in dainty, flowered Watteau frocks and wide, bestringed sun bonnets, living an ideal life in the sunshine—an existence which, by the way, is curiously improving to the tinting of fair tresses. And they drew imaginary mental pictures of refreshing green swards, shady

avenues of noble trees, and when the war was over the homecoming of a heroic subaltern with whom they had been in correspondence while he was at the Front, ending with orange blossoms and an idealic life on their own Colonial ranch overseas. But in too brief a time it became a question of inconceivably early mornings soaked in mist, of daily muddy surroundings, of horribly enlarged hands, and the wearing of hideous footgear. And then as the summer months progressed the allurements of the well-paid appointments offered to the sex in Government Offices, the fascination of shop-window gazing, even the fancied excitement of the munition factories, with the stories of the utterly impossible wages earned therein—all these had their effect on the giddy dairymaids, and one after another they resumed stilt-heeled, high-legged boots of divers colours, rested themselves in bewilderingly flounced, swishing skirts, and said good-bye to the life bucolic. And thus exit the vast majority of the merry maidens who, towards the end of rainy April—certainly not on the suitable day of that month—embarked on what they had got into their silly little heads would have proved a spell of Arcadia. But there are some of their sisters who have remained on the soil; indeed, they had never left it. For example, there are the wives and daughters of men already wedded to the service of country life, who have understood all that was involved in taking up such work and who possessed the right instincts about it. The very best results that have been obtained from these daughters of the soil is when a healthy public school or 'varsity woman has acquired a thoroughly practical knowledge of what is to be done forms a group or "gang," she herself acting as forewoman. Such a leader makes herself responsible to the farmers employing the "gang" (it is not a euphonious designation, but it is the one in vogue) for the general care and welfare and payment of each unit, thus saving the farmer much trouble. Then there has been a fair number of university and high school students who, not being of the flighty order of feminine, have steadily settled to the life on the land.

But it is not all agricultural work that is suitable to women. In dairy work they have, of course, done well, as they have in the care of cows, the milking, and the rearing of

calves. In the work on poultry farms they have, according to the Board of Agriculture's reports, proved singularly efficient. And, according to the same authority, women of hardy physique have found themselves happily placed in connection with the management of horses; and it is of interest to note that we have this year over half a thousand "Lady Shepherdesses." There is still a goodly proportion of capable male farm-hands of forty-six to sixty-five who are available for the work that women cannot undertake. But woman's assistance will be in enormous demand in the early New Year when nearly all the younger men will have been called away to training, and farmers may find that labour conditions have become to them a matter of economic life and death. "Next spring we could do in England with a hundred and fifty thousand healthy and hardy lasses who would stick it," I have heard farmers say, as far removed from each other as Cambridge and Hampshire, Devon and Lincoln. But there is the crux of the question. Will such a number "stick it"? The farmers, with that true bucolic caution at committing themselves to a definite opinion, hedge on the question. I opine that such a voluntary army *en masse* is inconceivable, save under conscriptive conditions. And I believe I am right, for I have examined very closely in all its aspects this question of next year's agricultural industry. And there are so many other fields of female industry which require instant systemisation by the State. Take the problem of domestic service. Here exists a crying need for the application of the conscription principle. Since the setting-in of the munitions boom we, the professional and middle classes of these isles, have absolutely been delivered over to the tender mercies of an order of womankind who have never in the past quarter of a century proved merciful in their relations with their mistresses. Soon the family men of non-military age and married officers serving in these isles will have to shut up their homes and live in hotels or boarding-houses if the State does not take drastic measures to solve the ever-growing domestic service problem. The young or middle-aged person who brings us in our morning grilled bacon, garnished on high days and holidays with a single poached egg, may the very next day have her box hoisted on to a taxi, and drive forth in quest of fabulous munition

wages, or after some will-o'-the-wisp vacancy in the half-stripped chorus of one of the innumerable revues of which every week sees the birth of one a trifle more undressed than its predecessor. A friend of mine, the wife of a barrister, on being given "notice" by a juvenile housemaid, had explained to her that neat-handed Phyllis considered it not due to her "position as an officer's lady to remain in menial service, and especially in the family of a civilian gent." This is a comic example of the Gilbertian, topsy-turvy times in which we live, by grace of Kaiser William. I may explain that the domestic functionary who cherished so keen a sense of her personal dignity had, in the intervals of making beds and administering a perfunctory dusting to an odd chair or two, bestowed her hand upon a newly-gazetted quartermaster and honorary lieutenant of a recently-raised battalion of "K. II." Here, again, is where female conscription is urgently required if the whole structure of our home life is not to be unendurably disorganised, if not entirely broken up.

Where, again, there exists an urgent need for conscription is in the womanising of our ever-expanding Government Departments. The general standard of salaries obtaining in Government secretarial employ for women is in general a fair living wage, but there are a large number of outrageous exceptions in the matter of pay and emoluments—exceptions which have been thankfully welcomed by Messrs. the Furriers and their shopkeeper colleagues. When I gaze at the innumerable illustrated advertisements of twenty-guinea coney-seal, waggling, widespread, luxurious coats, I find myself wondering if there is a poor inoffensive rabbit left alive in the land, now that Ostend has been cut off from the "seal"-hunters' forays. Under a conscription of the fair feminine a weekly salary of one pound ten, rising, for special acquirement, to double that sum, might be fixed for all women's work in Government offices, which would have the wholesome effect of curtailing the appalling epidemic of over-dressedness which has set in among the ranks of the lower middle classes and the working classes since the "good times" of national extravagance arrived. Each grade has sought to look like that immediately above it. The solicitor's daughter from Upper Tooting, who drives a pen in Northumberland

Avenue, strives to look like the leading lady of a successful theatrical enterprise; the chit of a typist apes the lady secretary of a war material contractor, while the quondam, half-starved shop-girl is fully satisfied now that she has learned to daub paint over shell rings, that she looks the picture of Miss Antoinette Alphabetta, the *mannequin* of marvellous curves and graces. The same curious passion for make-believe has taken firm hold on my own sexual persuasion. The drapers' assistant, who, being of weak heart, has escaped the rigours of being drilled by rude sergeants and being compelled to fire off real rifles, apes the Duke, or, at any rate, he fondly imagines that he is not so very far out of it. The coal porter on Sundays indulges in a weekly shave, and, attired in a thirty-one-and-sixpenny suit of reach-me-downs, imagines he looks as big a toff as the chief cashier in his company's offices. Even the hooligan sports the cast-off, one-button morning coat of the City clerk, and if he did not encircle his manly throat with a woollen muffler instead of a collar he might reasonably be mistaken for an actor out of a job.

Another, and a most truly urgent, reason for conscription of the sex is that such a measure would have the effect of curbing the monster wave of shameless immorality that has swept over this country since the creation in it of an enormous mass of soldiery. This inevitable feature of war should surely have been foreseen by the Home Office. I would hesitate to discuss so unsavoury a subject were I not fortified by the example of the wives of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff and the Commander-in-Chief of the Anzac Army. If drastic regulations are not enforced and at once the scourge of sexual disease will, as the war goes on, go farther to reduce the effectives of our sorely-taxed forces than the legitimate losses in the field. I myself have witnessed some appalling examples of the younger of our womankind running "soldier mad."

Organisation by conscription for women would mean such a measure of control of that section of the sex who in their own life and death interests should be compelled to resort to a wholesome if hard-working livelihood. The Germans enforced such after the first shot was fired at Liège. We with our super-Pharisaism have hesitated to see or act for two and a third years.

1916

By Austin Harrison

When a year ago our Government of lawyers announced that the submarine warfare was "well in hand" the public greedily swallowed the sugar plum of professional complacency, with the result that food was considered as safe as the Western front, and men booked their seats at the Revues under the pleasing incentive of "Business as usual." In other words, we went to sleep again. The drowsy, uninformed sloppiness of attitude, official and unofficial, returned. The sea was voted O.K. Both instructed and uninstructed opinion reckoned that the beastly Hun was starving and that all his submarine canoes had gone to the bottom.

But many men have died since that short-sighted benediction was authorised from Downing Street, and many new German submarines have been built. While we licked our Cyclopean chops, Germany designed a far more scientific "Fritzchen." While we discussed the things we were going to do with the carcase of depopulated, dismembered Germany, she appointed Hindenburg as the fighting Dictator of Germany at bay.

And so once more the question is Food, and Parliament is agog. "Luxurious sugar must be cut down," Mr. Runciman has told us. Hurling milk at pigs or pouring it down drain-pipes must cease. He had noticed too many large boxes tied up with "bright ribbons." He cried Fie upon the patriots who gave milk to pigs because the contract prices were not high enough for them. This chocolate soldier became quite eloquent. Indeed, there would have to be a Food Controller. In his peroration he spoke these words: "We have been driven bit by bit *against our will* to *suspend the easy flow of purely voluntary action*."

Now this pronouncement is notable, for it reflects the seraphic attitude revealed by Lord Haldane in his notorious apology for the omissions of the Government before war, namely, that in a Democracy the Government could not move unless it was forced to move. Note the words, the

"easy flow of purely voluntary action." Some day they will be historic. In the third year of the greatest upheaval in history our Ministers are slowly learning that voluntary or casual action is inadequate; which is to say, that for twenty-eight months they thought it was sufficient, and for exactly so many months misjudged the task before us.

In this REVIEW I have again and again insisted upon the danger of leaving the conduct of this war in the hands of Party politicians. Month after month I have sought to convince men that we must have responsibility of Government, or we shall, and can, have no statesmanship, no generalship. The periodic flutters which disturb our equanimity, as to-day in the cases of Food and Roumania, will not surprise my readers: who know what to expect under a Government of twenty-three tired amateurs struggling to maintain intact the vested interest of the Coalition, ignorant of war and the foe, incapable of action, gentlemen of peace and compromise, which are the negation of war. The Coalition goes on failing, and will go on failing,* as I have written for the last year. In the face of the sugar speech of Mr. Runciman, I abdicate. I have no printable words. One cannot think with Ministers who imagine the restriction of sugar to be the military pepper for submarines. Let us, then, leave the gag and clatter of "pub" and Parliament and look at the general situation which threatens, even while the prices of stalls go up in sympathetic polarity with the requirements of economy, to close with the military advantages of the year still in favour of the Central Powers.

The time has come to speak out. I propose to set forth the military position, as the Germans view it, judging as objectively as in the circumstances is humanly possible. Now three things have happened recently which the country must face. These are: (1) the Dictatorship of Hindenburg; (2) the German *levée en masse*; (3) the declaration of Polish independence; to which we may have to add—Roumania. The outstanding fact of Hindenburg's Dictatorship is the inspiration of personality, which has received

* No real economy is possible in England without drastic legislation, because our whole attitude is non-economic. Champagne is drunk even at suburban dinners; English cooks understand nothing of domestic economy: see Mrs. Braby's article.

instant expression in the unshakable determination of the enemy to arm and fight, as the German tribes have often done before in their history, with the whole concentrated application of the civil and fighting forces, as men say, to the last shot. In the Thirty Years' War the German population sank from 17,000,000 to 5,000,000. If it comes to a fight to a finish, the Berserker spirit or barbarism latent in the German character will play its full part. I have studied Germany long enough to venture the deliberate opinion that the Germans will put up yet the greatest fight in all history. So much for the will or inspiration.

The second point is the objective. What is Hindenburg's military objective? There is no sort of doubt. It is the East. Whereas we regard the West as the decisive side, Hindenburg regards the East and the South-east as the decisive side, and necessarily so, seeing that the entire German-Turko-Bulgarian Alliance depends upon the Eastern intercommunications. Now absolute clearness of thought is essential, for we are at once faced with what seems a confusion. When we speak of the decisive side we think purely militarily; the Germans, on the other hand, as the occupants of conquered territory, view the war to-day from the static standpoint, the question to them now being the retention of *political gain* or defensive strategy; in plain language, the problem for them is to hold what they can, and in this connection to fight hardest there where they consider the gains are the most worth fighting for.

Now France was never their political objective, or Belgium, though unquestionably they expected to secure a blood indemnity out of Paris sufficient to pay for the war, and incidentally thus crush France with her declining population for all time. The ground-plan miscarried, thwarted in the most momentous battle of the war so far, on the Marne. When positional warfare set in, the Germans looked to the sea, but again they were thwarted, yet so equally were the Allies, and consequently the Germans turned eastwards, which movement culminated in the great Russian retreat of 1915 and the occupation of Poland. Then, again, the Germans turned to the West, this time at Verdun, with the object of capturing the great stronghold of the French and so pulverise the French people.

In its strategic end Verdun failed, yet tactically it came to serve another purpose—the continuous battleground of an unprecedently deadly character, in pursuance of which object in characteristic fashion the Germans thought to cripple the fighting power of the French, and probably would so have done but for our intervention in July. Our fine artillery victories on the Somme again changed the position. The Germans found themselves out-gunned. In the blasting, withering destructiveness of an overwhelming artillery the deadlock of trench war was broken. The tables were turned on the foe. Through the genius of the French artilleryman, the West—to the Germans—had lost its strategic reason. From July 1st, 1916, France (to the Germans) became the tactical consideration of the war.

That is to say, the Germans no longer see in France a potential strategic objective. To understand the meaning of this, the Hindenburg view, it is essential to grasp what it is the Germans are fighting for: this again we know. The Pan-German, or Austro-German, goal is the Near East, not France, not even Belgium. For years the coveted line has been Antwerp—Constantinople, which line they to-day possess. And the land they intend to occupy—unless the Allies prevent them—*lies in the Balkans*; it may be summed up as the German hegemony of Central Europe, thus linking Hamburg through Turkey to Asia Minor, and if Germany can conclude a peace leaving her in possession of that territory, though she forfeit Belgium and Alsace-Lorraine and all her colonies, indubitably she *will have won the war*.

That is what we have to grasp. War is only the continuation of policy by force: a means to an end, which end is Peace. And the reason of war being gain, such reason ceases only when the desired object has been achieved or has failed. Now on the Western front our big guns have destroyed finally that German reason. So much we may with confidence assume. That is why Hindenburg, who is not a Court soldier, was appointed Dictator. His business was to see the strategic whole, to decide what best to hold or to try to hold. He decided for the East. For it is trade arteries—power—peace—that the Germans are fighting for, not mere military glory or prestige, and here we can apply

the test as to the relative value of the two fronts from the German standpoint.

It is the fact that the German ultimate aims do not lie in France, hence we can readily see that the loss of French occupied soil is essentially a military or elastic question to them; so much so, indeed, that if we drive the Germans out of France next summer, such a victory, unless strategically annihilating, can in no sense be decisive in the way that the loss of the Constantinople railway line, for instance, would constitute a decision, because, whereas ultimately the former would be a military or physical, the latter would be a political or positive, consummation. The Germans now know that they cannot defeat the Entente Powers, but they think they can hold them off until the desired, or part of the desired, end has been won. That end lies in the East and South-east. Thus, as the result of our artillery superiority, the Germans are to-day fighting defensively on the West, on a carefully laid-down plan of *strategic mobility*—holding the front trenches with light forces, avoiding the costly counter-attack, prepared to evacuate what can no longer be held except at a terrible price; in short, fighting a strategic retreat, according to pressure. When the Germans evacuated Fort Vaux their military policy became clear. It was a big thing to do in the circumstances, and only a big man would have dared do it. It showed what Hindenburg is capable of. As Verdun will rank as perhaps the noblest defence in history, so the German retirement from the outer forts there affords conclusive proof of the German acceptance of military defeat in the West—military, it must be understood, as distinct from the *military-political* objective—the issue of which must in the end decide the war—of the Eastern front centring round Poland and the Balkans.

As the Germans now know that they cannot hold all that they have appropriated, they are looking steadfastly at what they think they can hold. And, seeing the strategic whole in this light, it is not difficult to grasp the German attitude which consequently now regards France as the left arm, or tactical theatre, of the war, while positive objects are pursued in the East. This is the view of the enemy. Of the two fronts, it is the East, therefore, which

is the more important to Germany, because it is in the East that she seeks the consolidation of her aims, and it is there that she reckons her chances are the most capable of fulfilment. The geographical conditions favour her there because sea-power plays only a small part. To Germany* the Turko-Bulgarian Alliance is all—France is now only a fighting-ground. Without any doubt, she is resigned to fight her way back, or, rather, to be fought backwards, on the Western side, provided she can secure her connections with the East and so frustrate the onroads of Slavonic design. For this war is really the inevitable clash of Slav and German, long prophesied, for years regarded by all competent judges of European affairs as the inevitable issue of that mosaic of irreconcilable tongues, religions, and races known as the Austrian Empire. As that is the cause, so it will be the issue of Armageddon. The Germans went to war to decide that issue of Slav or Teuton. It is quintessentially a struggle of races, a movement of peoples. As the war now stands the Germans think they can win in the East, even if they lose in the West; as before said, if they do, they will have achieved their purpose.

This curious transfiguration of aims and conditions has been brought about by our neglect to grasp the meaning of the war and our lack of military statesmanship, thus pointing out to Germany, as it were, the lines of least resistance: (1) by allowing Turkey to join the German cause; (2) through our blindness with regard to Bulgaria; (3) through our unforgivable omission to send forces into Serbia sufficient to hold the Danube; (4) by the chance offered to Germany through the intervention of Roumania (*without co-ordinated support*) to redeem her whole economic and military position in what, if she proves successful, can only be described as, to her, a Providential intercession. It is ostrich stupidity to shut our eyes to this conjuncture. Roumania must be now the German central aim, thanks to our capital blunders; it is not in the German character to neglect the unexpected opportunity. The Roumanian question is dealt with elsewhere. I will only

* I refer all interested to my book, *The Pan-Germanic Doctrine*, 1904 (Harpers), in which the whole question of Austro-German aims in Turkey and the Near East is explained; to which there is nothing to add to-day.

say here that the Germans must risk all to seize the fat prize tempting the completion of Central Europe, and that Roumania * (as I wrote two months ago) will be Germany's supreme "test"; for as success there means, militarily and economically, all to her, so failure there will denote her accepted *inability to assume the offensive anywhere again in this war*, and her failure will proclaim the first irrevocable decision in our favour since the outbreak of hostilities.

Meanwhile, Poland has been granted independence, on condition that she fights for her "freedom"—we have to expect the raising of a Polish Army of probably a minimum of seven to ten divisions. While we politicise in Greece, the Germans are preparing to equalise and beat our output of big guns, shells, aeroplanes, and—Tanks. While we debate as to the date of the German collapse, we learn that bread is cheaper in Berlin than in London. I should like to say one word about the new German levy. Now the concern is artillery, the French having discovered the key of trench warfare, which hitherto has presented many of the features of stagnation, owing to the immense defensive superiority of machine-guns. And here, without presuming to interfere in technical military matters, the layman may utter a warning to those who confidently anticipate the *débâcle* in the West about midsummer of 1917. It is that, as our victories this year have been gun victories, so it is conceivable that, in this war of proportions, disproportion may prove disproportionable. That the Germans will make a full national effort to equalise our gun-power we may assume. And just as the Germans taught us to fight them with machine-guns, so the winter may give them time to match us with big guns, thus leading to a third period of temporary stagnation and to a yet further prolongation of the war. For whether in open warfare, in trenches thinly held and inadequately supplied with machine-guns (as was our case in the autumn of 1914), or in trenches every inch of which can be shot away with big guns, we find the lesson of the war invariable: that offensive progress is necessarily slow owing to the incommensurable superiority of modern missiles in the defence.

* Years ago, Bismarck said he would gladly exchange Galicia for Roumania and the mouth of the Danube, Germany's "natural" way to the East. Roumania is really the pivot and crown of the Pan-German edifice.

One may liken it to a mathematical problem. Thus, if our big gun superiority this summer was as 5 to 1, and next spring our superiority is only as 9 to 6, the equation may still prove negative. Of course, there are other contingencies. There is the "multiple" offensive, which seems to offer by far the best chances; yet this, again, will surely depend ultimately on gun-power for strategic result, which is the only way to do whole work, and unless at any one or two given points our mobile big gun superiority is not at least proportionately as much greater next summer as it was on the Somme this summer, comparative equalisation may result in neutralisation or the return once more to negative, however potential, conditions. It is a question of reciprocal output. The winter will be a race between British and German civilian productivity. The war thus is no longer a soldiers' affair. It is, in its essential fighting incidence, the concern of the civil population, because the very reason of strategy to-day may be summed up in the word: material.

For modern war is a trade, the trade of all concerned, the socialisation of industry. Given relatively equal facilities of production, war, on the scale fought to-day, may thus last literally till one or other of the opponents is physically destroyed or reduced to that point of exhaustion when the military power can no longer utilise the productive civil power behind it, and this may be a matter of years. Only, it would seem, can *absolute superiority* in material crush, mile by mile, line after line, and so eat through the opposing forces. Also, the unavoidable slowness of artillery action is tactical in its tendency, and that because the essence of strategy is mobility, and so long as that mobility is a whole, results are not likely to be strategic and so decisive. When, therefore, we speak of the West as our *idée fixe* of the war, we forget that in France the military question to the Germans is to-day one of *prestige*, whereas in the East the question to them is of power, permanency, the future. Retirement from France would be a moral defeat, unless associated with a disaster, but retirement from the East would mean an end to all Germanic aims and aspirations and the disintegration of the House of Austria. Thus the East matters absolutely to the Germans as the whole economic, racial, political, and strategic design

and concordance of Pan-German structure and of all future Germanic consolidation. It was for that reason that our failure to strike upwards in great force from Salonika this summer was such a disastrous military omission, the full significance of which we have yet to see, the dire consequences of which we are to-day witnessing in the fierce struggle which will decide the new delimitation of the German Eastern front—in or out of Roumania.*

The soldiers' law is to strike at the strongest point. Now the Western front is not the German strongest point, for, as we have seen, it is the point politically they care least about. But for our lack of vision and military statesmanship we would have seen this a year ago. But we have shown no military statesmanship. We act without policy, like opportunists. We squandered away magnificent lives in the most indictably amateurish expedition ever embarked upon, but if, instead of trying to force the Narrows at Gallipoli and flatten forts with straight fire, we had saved that force and employed it with the accumulated armies at Salonika this summer, Bulgaria might have been cut out of the Alliance, and her fall would have brought about the automatic elimination of Turkey. To-day the use of such an expedition will depend on the fate of Roumania. If Roumania succumbs, then, indeed, we shall have no option except concentration on the West, for there will be no longer any policy to lose, except towards the other neutrals who are unlikely to be impressed. But in that case, the German Western front, too, will be strengthened, so true is the causal relationship between war and policy as the continuation of the same argument.

To sum up: if the Germans are able to establish a line across Roumania, from the Carpathians to the Danube, the year will end strategically in their favour, and that despite our tactical victories in Picardy; on the other hand, if they fail there, then the year will end—we ought to know by Christmas—absolutely to our advantage. Again, Roumania's fall may have an important repercussion on the situation in Macedonia, so that it is obvious that just as

* The capture of Monastir shows what might have been done, but Monastir is only the beginning, and cannot now affect the Roumanian situation.

Germany must strike her hardest to secure, and so shorten, her Eastern defensive line, so the issue of these winter operations must be of immense significance precisely in that theatre of the war where German aims and hopes are at once the most vulnerable and the most realisable. As the *Morning Post* said (November 23rd): against all the German gains "we can only set the loss of her oversea Empire and the stoppage of her oversea trade." That is the truth. As the result of three summer campaigns, the Germans can increase their gains; our confidence rests, as in the autumn of 1915, on the to-morrow.

On attrition. Germany, we argue, has reached her zenith; her sun dips towards the Western horizon, and this is the reason of "business as usual," which spells half or three-quarter effort. The logic of this reasoning is that the side with the greatest resources must win in a fight to a finish. Which is perfectly true, provided the resources are *utilised*, rightly applied, and superior strength is not neutralised by *inferior strategy* or that negative policy which does not look ahead and so always comes in too late on the principle of circumstance as the determinant of action. The American South showed for five years what, though blockaded, superior strategy could do in a war of attrition. The attrition theory is really a negative or speculative one, if such is to be our policy. For one thing, it is not always the "little one" who loses in war; for another, most wars have ended on terms, as was the war of 1870; and if attrition is dependent primarily on industrial productivity—*i.e.*, guns, shells, etc.—it must be admitted that Germany's potentialities in that respect have not yet been fully extended any more than ours are fully extended. Lastly, history shows that wars are won by two forces: Man and men. Our little ships defeated the Armada. Frederick the Great defeated Europe. Little France outfought all Europe for fifteen years under one astonishing genius. But the truth is, the struggle on the lines of attrition has only begun. It began with Hindenburg's Levy, which is the lesson of 1916.

What is to be our answer? More Committees! More "easy flow" of casual or half-effort! Quite clearly the results of the fighting this year show that far more men

are required, far more guns, if success is to be expected next year. We ought certainly to take over another hundred miles in France, to free the French for next year's offensives. Mr. Asquith told us long ago we had 5,000,000 men. How is it we still hold not a quarter of the Western line? We have vital problems to solve. There is the submarine menace; there is Food, and an undisciplined Labour continually calling for higher wages; there is coal for the Allies; there is Ireland; there is the incalculable which we cannot foresee, and the calculable which the listless gentlemen who rule over our destinies seem unable temperamentally to foresee and mentally unable to approach. Lastly, there is no Responsibility and no vision.

These things are simply because Britain at war has no Government, for Government in our Democracy is opinion and the platform of opinion is the Press. We possess the means, the resources, the power to win the war twice over, but Goliath fell at the hands of David simply because David used his intelligence. It is so with man armed with a red flag in the bull ring, it is so in war. If the whole balance of victory or defeat depends upon the margin of superiority of the British Navy, as it assuredly does so depend, the power to win or lose the war depends to-day on the British Press as the true Government of this country. It is a grave responsibility, the sense of which is only awakening. Reducing that responsibility to its final expression, the onus lies on our editors. United, they could give us in a few weeks what we require above all things: Government. Government by a few strong men of foresight, who can act and take the necessary decisions, on which Board a representation of our Overseas Dominions should have their due Imperial place. We need a fighting Government, not a collusive congeries of popular politicians. We need a sailor at the Admiralty, not a man who some years ago voluntarily admitted his physical incapacity to conduct the wrangle of domestic politics. We need the fighting objective.

I repeat: What is to be our answer to Hindenburg's Levy? The next five months of preparation will be all-important. On them will depend our luck in 1917 and, without a doubt, the fortunes of the war.

Important Notice

Owing to the great increase in the price of paper and the constantly rising price of labour, The English Review reluctantly feels it is bound to follow in the footsteps of other periodicals and newspapers which have had to raise their prices to meet the new conditions. As it is impossible to sell a Half-crown Review for a Shilling, as in pre-war days, the price of The English Review will therefore be 1*s.* 3*d.* per copy starting with the January 1917 issue, which will be on sale just before Christmas.

Readers of the Review are urgently requested to order their copies in advance at their usual bookstalls and book-shops, or to place their subscriptions direct at this office.

The Annual Subscription, starting with the New Year, will be 15*s.*, post free to all parts of the world, and Half-yearly 7*s.* 6*d.*

From December 19th, 1916, the offices of The English Review will be at 19 Garrick Street, London, W.C.

Gold

By Raymond Radclyffe

When war began people rushed to the banks and drew out gold. A run started, so the Government stepped in and closed all banks for five days, printing in the meantime the currency notes with which we are now familiar.

We imagined that gold would be the one valuable commodity during the war, but we forgot to take into consideration the fact that this war is different from any other war in that it includes all the great mercantile nations of the world, with the exception of the United States.

An absurd position has arisen. The United States now has £525,000,000 of gold, and it is becoming terrified at the size of its hoard. Gold is, of course, quite useless except as a counter. It has been chosen for its convenience and for no other reason. Great Britain, as the most important mercantile nation in the world, fixed upon a gold standard, and this forced all other mercantile nations to follow her example. She produces in her own mines about one-half of the world's production of gold. Therefore she appeared quite safe in insisting upon all trade balances being eventually liquidated in gold. But war has come and the gold standard looks like going. It certainly will go if the war continue many years.

We have always preserved the fiction that our bank notes and all our other forms of currency and credit were payable in gold. Of course, it is pure fiction. It would be perfectly impossible to pay our credit currency in gold. What would happen if the vast clearings of all our banks had to be settled each day in gold. The metal does not exist in sufficient quantity to clear even one day's work.

What is going to happen? The position is curious. The neutral nations do not want our gold. Sweden some time ago prohibited the import of gold, and consequently her trade with Denmark is upset. Denmark, on the other hand, has prohibited the export of gold. Both prohibitions appear ridiculous and point to the impossibility of continuing gold as a standard if the war last much longer.

Soon after the war began the American bankers were clever enough to foresee the difficulties that would arise if we insisted upon paying for all the goods we needed in gold. It will be remembered that the American Exchange fluctuated violently, and Lord Reading went to the United States and negotiated a loan on very bad terms. The Exchange then recovered and has remained steady ever since, mainly because we have made two further loans with the United States and have also been paying for commodities by the sale of securities and by bank bills. At the same time we are perpetually shipping gold to America. We cannot go on doing this, not because we have not got the gold—we have—but because the American bankers do not want it. It is preposterous to dig the gold out of the ground in South Africa and bury it in the ground in vaults in Washington and Wall Street. It is simply waste of energy. It also has a very bad effect upon prices in the United States, because, gold being still the basis of credit, the more gold there is the more credit is obtainable in America. Consequently, we get inflation, and collapse must follow.

Germany, thanks to our blockade, is not in the same position as ourselves. She cannot ship gold abroad even if she wished, and the £114,000,000 which she has collected from her people remains in the vaults of the Reichsbank almost useless. It is said that the German women have given up all their gold ornaments in order to make a brave show. But to what effect? German credit is no better, though, indeed, no worse. Russia and France between them hold £560,000,000 of gold. Yet the Russian rouble has depreciated to a very serious extent, and even the French franc, as compared with the English sovereign, shows a considerable depreciation. Gold has not done much good to either Russia or France, as far as credit is concerned.

How is it all going to end? It looks very much as though we should go on fighting, year in, year out, for another ten years at least and each year piling up debts. If we continue shipping gold to the United States at the present rate of shipment, in a very short time that country will hold a thousand millions of gold, and its condition will be even more deplorable than that of the fighting

nations—at least, as far as credit is concerned. It is curious that no one should have foreseen the extraordinary complications which the gold currency has brought us to. We all knew that gold was merely a counter, used for the purposes of credit. We all knew that if we imported goods we must really pay for those goods with other goods—that is to say, we must give services for services rendered. We spoke in terms of money and quite forgot that we should have talked about services. Very soon we shall have handed over to the United States all our hoarded wealth in the shape of securities. Then we shall have to start in and supply the United States with goods.

It is quite impossible to teach a nation the theory of political economy in a few months, or, indeed, to teach it anything whilst war is raging. Two months ago I made a plea for freedom. I asked that we should all be allowed to do as much trade as we could with all neutral nations, and that all the restrictions that Government has put upon manufacturers and traders should be removed, subject, of course, to the paramount claim of the Army and Navy for munitions of war. I did not make this plea heedlessly. I foresaw that if we continued to pile up all kinds of rules and regulations we should reduce the production of the nation and not increase it. Then when all our securities had been sold and all our gold exported—if, indeed, neutral nations would continue to receive it—we should be at the end of our tether. We can only pay for imports with exports, and we can only increase our exports by working with more efficiency, by organising our factories, and by giving manufacturers and exporters every possible freedom. We must get labour in from our Colonies. Black labour, yellow labour, and every other kind of labour. All our manufactories must be organised exactly as the munitions factories have been organised. The labour market has been revolutionised by the discovery that women can in many trades work as hard as men. Another revolution must be made by the importation of coolie labour. If we are going to take Englishmen from the land and from the factories and put them in the trenches we cannot let the land go out of cultivation and the factories stand idle. That would simply mean that we should have to buy our food and goods abroad. We cannot buy food and goods

unless we pay for them with goods and services. It is useless to talk of paying in gold, because neither the United States nor the Argentine will take our gold. They do not want it. Buenos Ayres has got more gold than it can possibly utilise. Wall Street is in an even worse position. Gold is a drug in the market. The United States is ready and willing to buy from us every conceivable kind of luxury. The rich people in America consider it "swagger" to use imported goods. They would rather drink Belfast ginger ale at a dollar a bottle than the home-made variety at 25 cents. Lea and Perrin's sauce is preferred to a Pittsburg imitation.

We are now threatened with a Food Dictator. He may in his wisdom say that ginger ale is not necessary for the conduct of the war and that soldiers can do without sauce. He must be told that all commodities, whether they are luxuries or otherwise, which are sent abroad are just as good as English sovereigns. Indeed, they are better, because the English sovereign will soon become of no value in the Exchange operations, whereas the labour and intelligence that we exert in producing export goods is in keen demand all over the world.

It is a strange commentary upon our commercial foresight that almost at the very moment when we have decided to put Great Britain under rations and comb out all our factories and offices the United States should have practically told us that she was full up with gold and did not want any more.

I implore the Government seriously to consider the whole question of exports and imports and to realise that the credit not only of Great Britain, but also of France, Russia, Roumania, Belgium, and Serbia depends upon our holding our position as a great exporting nation, not only during the war, but also when the war has ended. We are always reading in the papers appeals to Englishmen to combine to smash German trade when peace comes. But it is equally necessary that we should combine to-day to increase our export trade whilst war is being waged, for in that way shall we not only capture German trade, but we shall defeat German soldiers. This is, indeed, the only way in which she can be defeated—by increasing our production and decreasing our expenditure.

Books

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

FORTY YEARS AT THE BAR. By J. H. BALFOUR BROWNE. Herbert Jenkins. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

By the means of this volume of reminiscences Mr. Balfour Browne adds a valuable and an important chapter to the history of the Parliamentary Bar. There are times when the author ceases to be autobiographical and offers us severely judicial and concise information about gas, water, and drainage systems. But it is as a record—a human record—of the people with whom he worked and against whom he fought legal battles that Mr. Browne's *memoires* are most engaging. As a young man the author was congratulated by Venables—the Venables who disfigured Thackeray's nose and who figures as Warrington in "Pendennis." We are reminded of the time when the Parliamentary Bar did not adjourn for lunch, and of a learned gentleman who rose to cross-examine with a bun in his hand. "I admit I have bristles, but I also have pretensions to mild manners when I meet placable behaviour." Thus Mr. Browne at the beginning of his book. And in the course of the excellent pages which follow we meet more mild—indeed, more charming—behaviour than bristles. Among all legal autobiographies, this will rank high.

FICTION

LIMEHOUSE NIGHTS: TALES OF CHINATOWN. By THOMAS BURKE. Grant Richards. 6*s*.

The number of books banned by the police and the Libraries Committee during the last two years is alarming, and one is wishful for a determined and vigorous Authors' Society to protect the interests of authors and public. Mr. Thomas Burke is the latest victim of the Libraries Com-

mittee, although we could name a score of novels on the shelves of lending libraries which are intentionally more subtly prurient than "Limehouse Nights." Truly this is a realistic book and one not likely to be read by fools. Mr. Burke sees and feels, and he has the rare artistic capacity of visualising those strange Oriental creatures who glide about Limehouse dressed like tailors' dummies. His literary style is admirably suited to his subject-matter: a kind of blend of The Koran and police-court slang. Each tale is good; four are real literature. At his best Mr. Burke is seen in "The Chink and the Child," which is a perfectly told story; albeit the author has discarded every rule adhered to by the professional short-story writer. Indeed, a wonderful book and one to keep.

THE RISE OF LEDGAR DUNSTAN. By A. T. SHEPPARD. Duckworth. 6*s*.

Here is an amazing novel which in construction and matter is daring and original. Mr. Sheppard owes nothing to anybody; he is as a man who has spent his lifetime in the observation of life. He has set himself out to give a detailed account of Ledgar Dunstan; there is little left unsaid; but however trivial the incidents recorded, when heaped up they give us a monumental picture of a man. Dunstan is the son of Baptist tradespeople, and his evolution is minutely described until the time he is a successful novelist and weds Mary Beltinge. There the tale ends with the intimation that it will be followed by another, of which the War and Antichrist are the themes. For that book the present reviewer is longing.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

PENCRAFT. By WILLIAM WATSON. John Lane. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

What a delightful surprise to pick up a work by a writer bold enough to plead for the old ways, and himself an artist and poet! Mr. Watson writes with a mellow mind. He has evidently put himself to some trouble. He asks for form and style and a return to the unchanging values of artistic truth. The weakness of the essay is its shortness: and so the classifications of writing into the cantative,

scriptive, and loquitive remain somewhat obscure, for the author has not given himself space to explain his exact meaning. But the purpose of the book is admirably clear. There is always a singular charm in the prose of a poet; in this essay the song of William Watson is unmistakable. It is a curiously fascinating little performance. Most pertinent his criticism of modern American writing as Provincial. All through one has the agreeable impression of hearing a skylark unbosoming himself upon his own methods and explaining how it is that he sings.

ECLIPSE OR EMPIRE. By H. B. GRAY and SAMUEL TURNER. Nisbet and Co., Ltd. 2*s.* net.

It is impossible in a review, such as we are limited to, to attempt a criticism of this work, which deserves wide and careful study. It is at once an educational and an economic book, and certainly all men should read the glossary. We shall hope to return to this book and its subject. Here we will only say that the authors see clearly, and evidently grasp the truth of the position, which is our system of, or, rather, attitude to, education; and the policy pursued in these Islands by Trade Unionism, as a glance at the coal output statistics proves only too painfully. There is another reason, which is doubtless the reason, of the other two causes of our inferiority: our general unwillingness to work. That attitude affects all classes. Our fear of ideas, our insular hatred of innovation, our wooden conservatism of mind—these are the national drawbacks, and if we don't change, then our authors may prove right in their title of Eclipse or Empire.

WAR

EUROPE UNBOUND. By L. MARCH PHILLIPPS. Duckworth and Co. 6*s.* net.

This is a lofty work—useful, brave, intelligent, constructive; it is also the production of an artist; nor could any man but an Englishman have written it. Some people won't like it, many won't understand it. Party folk will take to it according to their proclivities. The author makes

two points. The one that Germany's ideas and ideals are essentially German or material, whereas the Liberty that we stand for is not an English principle, is not a personal but a universal idea of humanity or civilisation. His other point is the "Georgian" aloofness of our aristocracy, which sees not England, but its own class and interests. All this is excellent. Mr. March Phillipps is unusually suggestive in this attempt to explain what we are all fighting for. He has vision and the moral courage to express it. He is also able to detach himself from the distortion of passion and think, and even to make his readers think. His analysis of Liberty is one of the few serious contributions towards the subject that we have had since 1914, and all men who reckon they have a mind of their own should study those pages, whether they agree or not. A true philosophical interpretation of Liberty is not possible in war, nor does the author seek to accommodate our profession of humanitarian Liberty with the forcible supremacy of the seas and, for that purpose, the possession of much lands belonging to other peoples. But this is a dangerous subject, as the Headmaster of Eton discovered. We sincerely congratulate the author on a work of outstanding significance and distinction.

In Luxemburg in War Time. By Francis Gribble. London: Headley Bros. 5*s*. net.

Into the volume with this rhythmic title Mr. Gribble has collected sundry papers upon the experiences that he collected as a prisoner of war in Luxemburg and later in Germany. Some of these one recalls pleasantly from a previous appearance in the *Standard*—now, alas! furled. They are all of them in the highest degree interesting, as containing the observations of a trained writer, whom circumstances kept at a point on the war map of which we have so far heard very little. The declarations of August, 1914, surprised Mr. Gribble and certain other persons holiday-making in the Grand Duchy, but, happily for themselves, at a spot removed from the main line of the German invasion. Unable to escape, he perforce remained, and naturally saw a good deal of interesting, if subordinate, history in the making—with what result the present volume

sets forth. One cherished illusion at least it shatters. There is the unkindest shock in learning that the young Grand Duchess, a figure that had seemed to embody the last of Royal and Roritanian romance, did not in fact halt her motor in the track of the advancing Prussians; nay, more, that she is herself reasonably suspected by her subjects of Teutonic leanings. But if Mr. Gribble is iconoclast here, he builds up an attractive figure of the average peace-loving Luxemburg citizen, about whose national sympathies, "in spite of all temptations," there seems fortunately no doubt whatever. An unambitious but most timely volume.

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